

# SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

*Issued Weekly---By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post-Office, March 1, 1890, by Frank Tousey.*

No. 365.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 19, 1906.

Price 5 Cents.

## THE BRADYS SENT TO SING SING;

OR, AFTER THE PRISON PLOTTERS.

*By A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.*



"Trapped, Mathew Mudd!" cried Old King Brady, clutching the keeper's arm. "Your day is all over here!" "Ah gwan an' chase yerself, old man!" roared the plotter. He raised his keys to strike, but Harry caught his arm.







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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE BRADYS GO TO SING SING.

"The sentence of the court is that you, Richard Arnold, be confined in Sing Sing prison for the term of ten years."

The prisoner at the bar heard this severe sentence unmoved.

There was the usual crowd in Judge Wixon's room in the criminal court building that cold December afternoon.

A murmur of sympathy was heard among the women, who for reasons best known to themselves were in attendance that day.

Remarks various and sundry were overheard by those who sat near enough.

"So young!"

"Say, he's good-looking, all right."

"His lawyer was surely drunk!"

"The poor fellow didn't have half a show."

"Well, say, the judge gave it to him, all right!"

By these remarks it will be seen that some of these women must have attended the trial of Dick Arnold the week before.

There are always women in attendance at criminal trials.

One would suppose that a criminal court would be the one place which women would most avoid.

Let those who favor that theory betake themselves to the criminal courts on Centre street, New York city, where Dick Arnold had that day been sentenced, and they will soon learn their error.

And among the female court frequenters hysterical sympathizers of any good-looking young criminal will always be found.

Dick Arnold was certainly a good-looking young fellow.

Yet, as the record read, he was entitled to no sympathy whatever.

He had been convicted as a "second-story" thief.

He had been caught red-handed by no less a person than a police inspector, in the act of going through Mrs. Inspector's dresser drawers while the family were at their tea.

What mercy can a professional thief expect if he tries his business methods upon one of the higher police officials?

Clearly none.

None had been shown in this case.

Dick Arnold had been railroaded to Sing Sing.

And here were the court women all sympathizing with him, young wretch that he was.

But not a particle of sympathy did these same women either feel or express for the next prisoner who stood before Judge Wixon to receive his sentence.

This was a tall old man, with gray hair, unshaven face, and dirty, ragged clothes.

He had been convicted of breaking a window on the Bowery, and stealing food from a delicatessen shop.

Nobody even looked at him.

Nobody gave the poor wretch a thought when the judge gave him three years.

Across the "Bridge of Sighs" these two prisoners, with several others, were returned to the Tombs.

It was to be their last night in that world-famous prison.

Next day it was Sing Sing, and the old man and the young one were handcuffed together when they were brought to the Grand Central Station.

Here again there were hysterical women to see them off—there always are.

"Oh, look at the handsome young fellow!"

"Look at that hardened old wretch!"

"What a shame to handcuff a young man like that to such an old sinner!"

Such was the tenor of the remarks overheard.

No sympathy for the aged one, and yet who could tell to which sympathy most belonged?

As it happened in this particular case, it belonged to neither, as will soon be seen.

On the way up the river the old man smoked cigars constantly, while the young fellow indulged in an occasional cigarette.

It was noticed by their keepers that neither spoke to the other, nor did either seem disposed to speak at all.

Received at the prison, the old man's name was entered on the books as Patrick Murphy.

As the pair were about to be led away to the bath and the barber, "Paddy" Murphy handed the clerk a letter in a long official-looking envelope, which the official discovered was addressed to himself.

Arnold, the young "second-story" man, watched the clerk as he read the letter with an expression of interest.

"Take this letter to the warden," said the clerk, when he had completed its perusal.

The usual routine was then proceeded with.

In a short time both Paddy Murphy and Dick Arnold were in prison stripes and in their cells.

Other prisoners who were behind them, and there were



several old-timers among them, wondered what the letter meant.

The general impression was that old Paddy Murphy had a big pull, and that the letter was from some politician asking that things be made as easy as possible for him.

That evening at a little after eight o'clock, a keeper unlocked Paddy Murphy's cell and conducted the old man to the warden's private office.

Here was found seated at his desk Mr. James Brace, the warden.

He was alone, and after the keeper had left he arose and carefully locked the door.

Then, extending his hand to "Paddy," a hearty shake followed.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Brady," said the warden. "Sit down! Allow me to offer you a cigar. I am only sorry that it is not in my power to entertain you as I could wish."

"Impossible, under the circumstances, of course, Mr. Brace," was the reply. "Well, I am here, and what shall the programme be?"

"The first thing is to satisfy myself that no one suspects the presence of those world-famous detectives, the Bradys, in this prison."

"There can be no suspicion so far as anything my partner or myself have done. We took every precaution, I can assure you."

"Let me see, which of the batch of prisoners brought in this afternoon is your partner?"

"Dick Arnold is the name."

"Yes, yes. Well, I have been most careful myself. You actually committed these crimes? You were arrested and convicted in the regular way?"

"All is as regular as we could make it. No one is in the secret but Inspector Brown, at whose house Harry, my partner, did his pretended robbery."

"Just so. But that is where I fear. Brown is a good fellow, but he may have put the ladies of his family wise. If so, our secret is not safe."

"I think you may disabuse your mind of all that. The inspector is a very cautious man. He personally assured me that his family all believed that they were actually being robbed."

"Well, we must rest on his assurance. Now, Mr. Brady, I suppose you are curious to know why you are here?"

"I am, of course. When the Governor of the State of New York sends for me and requests as a favor that I get myself and my partner sent to Sing Sing, and that without any explanation of his motive further than the mere mention that we are wanted to unearth a plot, my curiosity is aroused."

"Quite so. Well, the time has come when you must know all. You will recall the case of Israel Buzby, president of the Iron & Steel Bank, of course."

"I remember the case very well. Eight years ago Buzby wrecked the bank, and turned up as a defaulter to the tune of over three-quarters of a million."

"Exactly. At the time it was claimed that the man had dropped the money on Wall street, and it was generally so believed."

"As I recollect, Buzby did not stand trial, but confessed."

"Right. He had reason to expect a light sentence, but instead of that he happened to be brought before Judge Robinson, who gave him twenty years."

"Well?"

"Now we are coming to it, Mr. Brady. Read this letter. Kindly refrain from looking at the signature which I have turned back."

Old King Brady took the letter which Warden Brace extended, and read as follows:

"Mr. Brace:

"Dear Sir: I am back in the world again, and am trying to earn an honest living. I can never forget your kindness to me, nor that it was largely through your influence that my pardon was obtained.

"Now, Mr. Brace, I want to say something to you that ought to have been said before, and I can only hope that it is not too late when this reaches you.

"You know 199. That man has a lot of money hidden somewhere, and there is a plot on foot to help him to escape, so that he may get hold of it and divide with others. I shall not tell you how I know this, nor who the plotters are, for to do so would endanger my life. Neither shall I tell you where I am, nor can you find me if you was to try. I only want to warn you.

"The game is to sneak Buzby out in a box as freight in some way, so far as I know, but that may have been changed.

"At all events, they will get him out some way, and he has promised to give up half his hidden money for his freedom. He claims that it amounts to near a million. Whether this is likely to be true or not you are better able to judge than I am.

"Now for my motive. The man at the back of this plot did me a bad turn, and I want revenge. At the same time, I fear him, and have good reason to, so I dare not mention his name.

"My suggestion is that you put some detective in with Buzby to work this secret out of him. There was some talk of using dynamite, and blowing up a bit of the prison wall and so making a general jail delivery.

"This was the original scheme, but this fellow thought that he could work Buzby out in a box.

"All I can tell you in addition is that this is about the time these plotters mean to get in their work, but what the actual day or hour is I don't know.

"I hope this will be of some service to you, and——"

Here the sheet was turned over.

Without attempting to look at the signature on the other side, Old King Brady handed the letter back.



"Have you any suspicion to whom the man refers?" he asked.

"I have not," was the reply. "It must be to some one of our keepers, of course, but to which one is a mystery which I cannot fathom."

"You have made attempts to ascertain?"

"No."

"I see there is no date on the letter. When was it received?"

"Fifteen days ago."

"That brings it a day before the Governor sent for me."

"Yes. I placed the matter before him at once."

"Have you any doubt as to the existence of the plot?"

"I can have no doubt. I was just going to speak of that. I wish you to come with me, Mr. Brady, and I will show you the only thing I have discovered in the matter. You will then see how certain it is that such a plot actually exists."

"Very well. I am quite at your service."

"Before we start let me ask your advice as to how to proceed."

"Can I not advise better after I get back?"

"No; assume that there actually is a plot to blow us up, and effect a general jail delivery."

"Very well. In that case it seems to me that the plan suggested by your correspondent is a good starter. One of us should be put in with convict 199, whom I take to be Israel Buzby."

"That's who he is. Well, which one of you should go?"

"My partner. A younger man always stands a better chance of gaining the confidence of an older man than one of his own age or more."

"Do you believe that?"

"I do."

"Some think just the contrary."

"I can only express my opinion."

"Very well. It shall be done to-night."

"How old a man is Buzby, by the way?"

"He is entered on our books at 62. He is certainly all of that. Have you anything further to suggest?"

"That I can judge of better after I have seen what you have to show me."

"We will go now. Step into the other room and change your clothing. I have provided what you need there."

"One question more, Mr. Brace, and an important one. I had the Governor's promise to place our pardons in your hands, in order that we can leave here at a moment's notice if we please."

"It has been done, Mr. Brady."

"Very well. Now let us go."

He surprised the warden with the quickness of his dressing.

It seemed but a moment when he returned attired in the garb of a Catholic priest.

"I thought you would do that," chuckled Mr. Brace, "but I didn't want to suggest. May I ask why you choose that suit?"

"Simply because I considered it as the one least likely to attract attention."

"Quite so. For me to be seen in the corridors with a priest is no unusual thing. Now follow me."

Old King Brady was then led to the brick prison which abuts the Hudson river.

They hurried along several corridors, passing keepers, who eyed the old detective indifferently.

At last they paused before a certain cell.

"Mudd!" called the warden, in a peremptory tone.

"Yes, sir," replied a keeper, hurrying forward.

"Open this door."

"Yes, sir."

The door was unlocked, and the warden motioned Old King Brady to pass inside.

Already the old detective had perceived that there was no one in the cell.

As soon as they had entered Mr. Brace dropped a heavy curtain, which was hooked up above in front of the door.

He then shot a big bolt, securing it on the inside.

This bolt Old King Brady saw to be a new affair recently put in place.

The warden now produced a dark lantern from one of his pockets, and whispered:

"Hold this, please. Don't speak! I don't want that keeper to suspect what we are about."

Old King Brady took the lantern, and the warden, producing a cold chisel, walked over to the end of the cell, where with the chisel he easily pried out one of the stones which was part of the pavement of the floor.

Old King Brady saw that the stone was merely the thinnest kind of a slab.

Beneath a dark opening was seen. The hole was just big enough to let a man of small girth through.

Old King Brady kneeled down and flashed the lantern into the hole.

Below he could hear the sound of running water.

A horrible stench filled the air.

"The sewer lies below?" he whispered.

"Yes," replied the warden. "I have been down there, and I have no desire to go again; nor need you unless you wish, for I can tell you the rest when we get back to my room."

"I prefer to go down if I can."

"You can."

"Any directions?"

"Walk to your left. You will come to a box which you may examine without fear."

"Is that all?"

"That is all. You will see the rest."

## CHAPTER II.

### PRISON MYSTERIES.

In the warden's ante-room Old King Brady found several suits of clothes of about his size.



"How do I get down?"

"I shall have to lower you myself."

The warden now raised his vest, and drew a stout rope out of the left leg of his trousers.

"You see, I have come prepared," he whispered. "Now don't be alarmed. I am very strong-armed, and shall not let you fall. Adjust this rope for yourself, please."

Old King Brady tied the rope around his body under the arms, and sitting down, dropped his legs into the hole.

"You had better tie something over your nose and mouth. You are going into the main sewer of this prison," the warden said.

"I shall keep my mouth shut and plug my nostrils," was the reply. "Lower away."

The descent was but a short one.

The sewer was a brick affair, which had been penetrated below the hole in the floor.

Here the bricks which had been removed lay scattered about.

Unable to stand upright, Old King Brady bent low and crept to the left.

He kept track of the distance covered, and knew that he had passed about the width of the prison yard when he suddenly came upon a short crow-bar—a sectional affair—and other tools.

Here also stood a plain wooden box.

Above the roof of the sewer had been cut through, and a foot or so from the top of the opening a wooden shelf had been wedged in.

Above the shelf was a block of granite, which upon being struck with the crowbar gave back such sounds as to lead Old King Brady to believe that it might be a part of the prison wall.

By the time the detective had discovered all this he was half smothered.

It seemed to him as if he must surely collapse.

But Old King Brady has a way of bracing up against obstacles by sheer force of will.

He now returned to the box and critically examined it.

There were no marks on the outside, and inside it was filled with saw-dust.

"Ah, ha!" thought the old detective. "I catch on! By jove, but this is bold!"

He ran his hand in among the sawdust, not with any special thought in mind, but simply because he is thorough in all he does.

And something came Old King Brady's way through this simple action.

What this was we shall in a few moments proceed to show.

Just then the old detective heard a whistle.

"Ah, ha! The warden is getting worried," he thought. "I must go back. Anyhow, I have seen enough."

He crept back through the foul ooze until under the hole.

"Great heavens, man, are you still alive?" the warden called down, in a stifled voice.

"Hush! I'm all right," was the reply. "I'll have the rope adjusted in a jiffy and you can haul me up."

In a moment Old King Brady stood beside the warden in the cell.

"We will postpone conversation," whispered Mr. Brace. He carefully restored the stone to place.

Taking a pepper-pot wrapped in paper from his pocket, he shook some of its contents in the cracks.

"Dust?" said Old King Brady.

"Right," replied the warden. "We want to conceal all traces of our villainy if we can."

"Correct!"

Mr. Brace now raised the curtain and unbolted the door.

Keeper Mudd was in the act of passing.

"Wonder what he thinks of it all?" thought Old King Brady, and for all he was worth he studied the man's face.

It was not an easy face to read, by any means.

The man was just a heavy, lumpish fellow, one of the kind whose face conveys no clew to thoughts, for the excellent reason that there are no thoughts to convey.

"You can lock up there, Mudd," said the warden, and he led the supposed priest back to his own apartments.

At last, behind a locked door, Old King Brady felt free to open his mouth.

"Well," he exclaimed, "you have certainly made big discoveries, Mr. Brace."

"Have I not?"

"About that keeper—what does he know?"

"He is supposed to know nothing. He is a new importation from the other prison."

"Right. Now to talk this over."

"Sit down and light a fresh cigar. You see what work has been done there?"

"I saw all, I think. That stone above the shelf is what?"

"Foundation stone of our prison wall."

"As I supposed. There was dynamite in that box?"

"There certainly was. One of my men removed it with his own hands."

"And what was done with it?"

"We threw it in the river."

"Pity you didn't keep one cartridge for purposes of identification."

"We were too well scared for that."

"Go on."

"Now for the history of that place, Mr. Brady. It was cut through by a life convict; a murderer—in some way a stone was removed, and another and very thin stone provided for that hole in the floor. With this done—and we have no idea how it was done—the rest, as you perceive, was easy, but must have taken a great deal of time."

"Quite so."

"You can see for yourself that the intention was to blow out a part of the prison wall."

"There cannot be the slightest doubt about that."

"Well, that's the story. You can see how thoroughly



harmonizes with the letter. The writer of that letter did not know all. The get-him-out-in-a-box story was only a blind to fool him."

"Possibly. Did Israel Buzby have a hand in that job?"

"He did not. He had nothing to do with it, but it was doubtless done in his interest."

"Whose work is it, then?"

"It is the work of a murderer named Jack Ducell."

"Ha!"

"You know the man?"

"Well, I ought to. It was I who arrested him."

"Indeed!"

"If I could see Jack, I——"

"But you can't."

"And why?"

"He is dead."

"Ah!"

"Do you think he or any other man could have done that job without help from the outside?"

"I do not. He certainly had help."

"So we think. That corridor at night was under the care of a keeper in whom we placed the most implicit confidence. Tom West was his name. He had been here for years, and yet he it was who probably helped Ducell."

"You say was. Is this man West dead, too?"

"Yes. Dead; murdered by Ducell, who in turn was killed by him."

"A double tragedy."

"Right. Mr. Brady, those men were found in that cell with the stone raised, both dead on the floor."

"Indeed."

"Ducell had evidently been struck first. He lay on his back, with West partly on top of him, a knife buried in his heart."

"And West?"

"Ducell must have been quick enough to draw a knife which he jabbed into West's stomach. The man was powerless to move, and bled to death."

"A quarrel between them?"

"Evidently, and thus the secret was revealed, and the truth of that warning letter proved."

"And when you went below you found the dynamite?"

"Exactly. I found it myself."

"Any clew as to where it came from or how it got into the prison?"

"No."

"Who knows of the existence of that opening beside yourself?"

"Only a young man named Will Rust, whom I employ as a sort of inside detective. He is liable to go through any corridor at any time, night or day. He went through there at three a. m. Buzby, who was then in the next cell, called him, and told him that he feared Jack Ducell had murdered the keeper. Rust went in and found things as I have described."

"But this man Mudd?"

"I supposed to know nothing. I immediately had the

curtain put up, and all our operations have been performed behind it."

"But you gave him the key?"

"I thought better to do so. The same key fits all the cells on that row."

"A poor arrangement. Under the circumstances you could do nothing else but give him the key. But excuse me, it is getting late. My partner should be put in with Buzby to-night."

"He is there already. I attended to that while you were dressing."

"Oh, very well."

"And now, Mr. Brady, what have you to suggest?"

"My first suggestion is that this be my last night in Sing Sing, for the present at least."

"And why?"

"Because I have a clew to follow which will take me outside."

"A clew! Something you discovered down there?"

"Yes."

"Which is?"

"Look at it."

Fumbling in his pocket, Old King Brady produced a small engraved gold ring, which he laid on the warden's desk.

"Where the mischief did you get that?" demanded Brace.

"Where?" replied Old King Brady. "Why, I found it among the sawdust in the dynamite box!"

### CHAPTER III.

#### WORKING WITH 199.

"Harry," as Young King Brady, partner and pupil of of the old detective, is called by his chief, remained in his cell a little short of half an hour, when Keeper Mathew Mudd appeared and unlocked the door.

"You are to follow me," he said.

Young King Brady got up off the cot and followed in silence.

He had been expecting something of this sort, and was thus prepared.

He was led out into the prison yard and into another building.

Here they passed through a short corridor with cells opening off from it.

Most of these cells appeared to be unoccupied.

In each case when Young King Brady saw anyone behind the bars, he saw two in a cell.

Passing several cells which were vacant, Keeper Mudd paused before the grated door of one at the end of the corridor, and opening it, pushed Harry inside.

Here, seated on the edge of his cot was a white-haired man, whose face was buried in his hands.



He glanced up as the key clanged in the lock, and said:

"So he has come?"

"He's come," chuckled the keeper. "You have got somebody to talk to now, 199."

The door was locked, and the keeper disappeared.

The prisoner buried his face in his hands again, and for a long time never made a move.

This gave Harry plenty of time to take in his surroundings.

There was not much to see; just two cots with the narrow passage between them, and the usual paraphernalia of the prison cell.

Harry flung himself on his cot, and lay facing his companion.

He knew what was expected of him, but he preferred to await overtures from the other side.

An electric light outside the cell made the place as bright as day, and as Young King Brady continued to watch he caught the old man more than once peering at him between his fingers.

At last the prisoner withdrew his hands and spoke.

"You can talk here, you know," he said. "That's what you were sent here for, to talk to me. I suppose you understand?"

"All right," replied Harry. "I don't know that I have anything to say."

The other was a tall, thin man with sharp features, snow-white hair and watery blue eyes.

His face was a weak one, and yet there was a certain look of cunning about it which led Young King Brady to fancy that the man might have more strength of character than one would suppose.

"What's your number?" demanded the man. "My eyes are troubling me. I can't see?"

"862."

"What's your name?"

"Dick Arnold."

"What are you up for?"

"You are pretty good at questioning, 199?"

"I'm getting the start of you, that's all," was the reply. "You were put in here to pump me dry."

"Who was telling you?"

"Isn't this the talk house, as we call it? Are we ever here for anything else than to pump or be pumped? You ought to know that?"

"Why should I know it when I only got into this hole to-night?"

"That's the way. They always use newcomers. What are you up for?"

"Second story business, if you are determined to know."

"A low down thief!"

"Hold on, old man! What about being a thief yourself?"

"I? Ha, ha, ha! I stole nearly a million! Am I to recognize such a thing as you?"

"All the same, you seem to be making yourself pretty blamed busy at it. But come, there's no use in our quar-

reling. Are we likely to be bunking in together here for long?"

"How can I tell? We might be kept here months, it may be only for to-night. I know no more about it than you do."

"Well, let's be civil as long as we stop here together, at all events. What's your name?"

"My name!" cried 199, bitterly. "My name is Israel Buzby. I am a bad bank president, who stole the dough bag, that's who I am."

"Well, then, you are not in my class, old man."

"I should say not. How long have you got?"

"Ten!"

"Then what are you kicking about? You can't be more than twenty-two or so. Ten years! Why, you will be right in your prime when you come out. You will have the best part of your life still to live. There ought not to be any kick coming from you."

"And you? How many more years have you got to serve?"

"Enough to put me out of business. Unless it is by accident, I shall never leave this place alive."

"That's hard lines."

"Isn't it? Oh, if I was only young like you! If I only had my life to live over again!"

Buzby spoke with bitter vehemence, throwing up his hands as he uttered these words.

"You would live it differently, I supposed," remarked Harry.

"You bet!"

"You'd be good and pious, and all that sort of thing?"

"Would I?"

A look of low cunning came over the face of the convict.

Young King Brady, who was watching him closely, got his clew then, for the man's inner nature was apparent.

He laughed shortly.

"Oh, you are a slick old article," he said. "You've learned a lot in your time. If you ever do get out you'll make someone sick."

"Won't I? Let them wait and see!"

Buzby sprang to his feet and began pacing the cell.

It would not pay to rush things.

"I can get next to this fellow easy enough if they will only give me time," thought Harry.

He waited in silence.

"What were you sent here to find out?" demanded the convict, suddenly. Tell me! It will serve your purpose best to speak the truth."

"Say," replied Harry, "you are away off—miles away. If I was put in here to pump you then I don't know it. Understand I only came here to-night, and I haven't spoken with a soul except the clerk when he questioned me, and the keeper who brought me in here."

"That may be so, boy; all the same they will leave you here a few days, and give you the third degree, and make you tell all I have said to you."



"They will, hey?"

"They will as sure as the sun will rise to-morrow."

"Then if they put me through the 33d degree they'll get nothing out of me, old man. I'm not the sort to split on my pals."

"I'm no pal of yours."

"Yes, you are. The minute they put me in here with you then you become my pal. But say, I'm not going to talk any longer. I'm dead tired, and propose to turn in."

"Just one word."

"Well?"

"Are you a good swimmer?"

"Am I? Well, I am. What about that?"

"Nothing now. Maybe later on I'll have something to say. I've taken a liking to you, Arnold. I wish I'd known you sooner."

"'Twouldn't have paid you, old man. I'm no good."

"Good-night," was the abrupt reply.

After that Buzby undressed and went to bed.

Harry tried several times to draw him out, as he also undressed and turned in, but not a word would the man answer.

Thus ended the first night in the "talk house."

Next morning at an early hour Young King Brady was awakened by the keeper, who handed him a sealed letter.

The envelope bore a blue-pencil hieroglyphic.

This had been put on by the warden himself.

It signified that by his sanction the letter was to be delivered to convict No. 862 sealed.

The note was from Old King Brady, and read as follows:

"H.—I am going out. Matters have taken a new turn. You will have to stick to business for the present. I shall do all I can to get you out as soon as possible, for I fully appreciate the unpleasantness of your position. Meanwhile, it is up to you to get in your work as quick as you can, but don't rush things to the detriment of our case, if it takes a month.

"Another thing. There is big money behind this case, and you have the key to the situation right alongside of you. This you will understand without further explanation. In a few days I will call on you, posing as your father. We can then talk it out.

"Be very discreet.

"Yours as ever,

Governor."

Harry tore this letter into small pieces, and threw them in the slop-pail.

"Say," whispered Buzby, who had been watching him, "you do well to get a sealed letter the first day. You must have some pull."

"I have," replied Harry, briefly.

"Perhaps you don't expect to stop here ten years—Dick?"

The name seemed to come with a wrench.

Harry caught the cue.

"This man wants to make friends with me, but he don't dare," he thought. "Things are working."

And aloud he replied:

"You're right, I don't."

"I wish I was in your shoes."

"They wouldn't fit you."

"That's the trouble; but—well, that's enough for now. We'll see."

That day the routine of Young King Brady's prison life began.

We do not propose to attempt to describe it.

All that ground has been often covered, and it is not pleasant reading at the best.

Four days of it passed, and there was no sign from Old King Brady.

Harry was put at work in the brush shop, and his place was beside Israel Buzby.

Thus he was brought in contact with the old bank president night and day.

Of course, the work hours were passed in silence.

But both continued to share the same cell in the "talk house."

And it was during these night sessions that Young King Brady displayed his shrewdness.

Never once did he attempt to question the old man about his private affairs.

What he did do was to show him every consideration and respect.

He treated him much as a son might treat a father.

On the fourth night Buzby lay groaning with lumbago, and Harry appealed to Keeper Mudd for some liniment.

With this he rubbed the old man's back until he had so relieved him that he was able to sleep.

And it was on this night that Harry caught Keeper Mudd secretly listening to their talk.

For this man he felt a strong repulsion; though why he could scarcely tell.

Along toward morning, hearing his cell mate groaning, Harry got up and rubbed him again.

He had scarcely started at his task when it seemed to him that he heard a light step in the corridor.

He turned his head, but no face appeared outside the bars, and the sounds ceased.

Bending down, Harry whispered in old Buzby's ear:

"Say, we are being spied on!"

"I know that," was the low-spoken reply.

"What does it mean?"

"Put your ear close to my mouth, boy."

Harry obeyed.

Then came the answer which showed Young King Brady that at last he was making headway.

"It means that I possess a secret which is worth all kinds of money to the one who worms it out of me—that's what it means."

"Well, then, I'm not trying to worm it out of you, understand that."

"I'm beginning to believe it, dear boy."



"You can bank on it."

"You have done enough. I feel much better. Move suddenly and peer out between the bars. There is somebody there. Perhaps you can get sight of who it is."

Harry kept on rubbing for a few minutes, and then suddenly tip-toed to the grated door and peered sideways.

It was just as he expected.

There, standing up against the door of the next cell, which was vacant, was Keeper Mudd.

"We are having a hard time of it in here, Mr. Mudd," said Young King Brady, quietly. "199 has suffered terribly all night."

Mudd immediately came forward.

"Say," he replied, "I can believe dat. Is dere anything I can do to help?"

"If he had a hot-water bag on his back I believe it would relieve him."

"All right. I tink I can get it. Hold up till I see."

Exit Mudd.

"Gone?" breathed Buzby.

"Yes," replied Harry.

"Then crawl into bed with me, boy. Quick, before he comes back! I want to whisper something in your ear."

## CHAPTER IV.

### WORKING UP THE CLEWS.

Old King Brady's pardon being already in the hands of Warden Brace, there was no trouble in perfecting arrangements.

On the morning after the descent into the sewer the old detective walked out of Sing Sing.

He took the first train for New York, and on arriving there proceeded directly to the shabby little office on Park Row which the Bradys make headquarters at the present time.

The door was locked, and when opened a big bunch of letters was found on the floor.

This is one of the old detective's peculiarities.

He utterly refuses to keep a clerk.

If he or Harry are in they are in, and people can get at them.

If both are out no one can get into the office, and sometimes they are gone for weeks together, for their extensive business takes them east, west, north, and south.

Old King Brady picked up the letters and threw them on his desk.

He then locked the door and proceeded to make a change.

This was the finish of "Paddy Murphy."

Soon the old detective had donned the peculiar dress which with him has become almost a trademark, so to speak.

As he now seated himself at his desk Old King Brady

wore a long blue coat with a double row of brass buttons down the front.

About his neck was a high, pointed, stand-up collar and an ancient "stock," style of 1840.

Upon his head was the famous old white felt hat with its broad brim.

Thus attired, Old King Brady was himself again, and he proceeded to open his mail.

In spite of the number of the letters, there was none among them to cause any change of plan on the part of the old detective.

Hardly a day passes that the Bradys are not offered some new case.

Old King Brady accepts only such as the spirit moves him to take up.

He is, moreover, very negligent in answering correspondence, most of this work falling to Harry's lot.

As letters addressed to these keen detectives are very often allowed to remain for days unanswered, it is a matter of wonder that they succeed in holding their business.

But in spite of all this the demand for their services seems to increase year by year.

Having finished his letters, Old King Brady took out the ring which he had found in the dynamite box, and examined it carefully through a powerful magnifying glass.

"It's a genuine stone," he said to himself. "Probably a green tourmaline. This is a ring of some little value, and must have been prized by its owner. Now to trace it back. That accomplished my work may be said to be fairly begun."

Old King Brady now wrote out a description of the ring.

Consulting the directory, he made a list of all the blasting powder concerns in the city.

He then walked over to the Astor House, and had a corresponding number of copies of his description done by a professional typewriter.

This done, Old King Brady went the rounds of the dynamite trade.

So well known is the old detective that his card in each instance secured him a hearing, and in each he received a promise that the description of the ring would be forwarded to the factory of the concern for identification.

Three days followed, and no word came.

On the morning of the fourth Old King Brady found a note inside his door from a Mr. Bills, office manager of the Rand & Ryerson High Explosive Co., on Park Place, asking him to call.

Mr. Bills received the old detective cordially.

"I have identified the owner of your ring, Mr. Brady," he said. "Read that, please."

The letter handed the old detective was from the factory superintendent at Tidewater, Pa., stating that one Smith, head packer of the factory, had lost such a ring.

The loss had occurred about three months before, the letter stated



The man Smith was quite ready to believe that the ring might have slipped off of his finger into the sawdust of one of the dynamite boxes upon which he was at work.

The superintendent added that Smith had fully described the ring he had lost, without hint from himself, and that the description coincided with Old King Brady's typewriter slip.

"And now," said Old King Brady, "on this matter a very important case upon which I am at work hinges. Will it be possible to trace that box of dynamite, do you think?"

"You have not described the box," replied Bills. "It will be difficult unless there was some address upon it."

"There was not. The sides had been planed smooth, also the top."

"The intention was to conceal where it came from. This is something we have come up against more than once. Of course, dynamite is often employed for criminal purposes, and we like to protect ourselves. Stay where you are a moment, and I will consult our sales book. I have already looked up the date of arrival of that lot of dynamite. The shipment was fifty cases. I will see our porter, and perhaps can refresh his memory. We may get there yet."

Fifty cases!

Old King Brady felt but little hope.

Mr. Bills was gone some time, and when he returned the pleased look upon his face seemed to betoken success.

"I have done better than I expected," he said. "I find that that shipment was stored together and sold together. It was only in our place here over night."

"Who was the purchaser?"

"The J. H. McManus Co., who have a contract on the Croton Dam."

"And the whole lot was shipped to them?"

"The whole lot was sold to them. We want to be particular."

"Indeed we do. This is a very important case."

"I will call our shipping clerk."

Mr. Bills sent the summons and in return a young man appeared.

"George," said Mr. Bills, "do you remember shipping fifty cases of dynamite to McManus' people up at Katonah, N. Y., a few months ago?"

"I do," was the instant reply.

"How were the cases marked?"

"You mean the place?"

"Yes."

"They were all marked Katonah but one."

"And that went where?"

"To Ossining."

"To whom was it addressed?"

"To a Mr. Wetherill."

"What was his first name?" put in Old King Brady.

"George."

"You are sure?"

"Certain. I remember it because it was the same name as my own."

"By whose request was this one case detached from the rest?" demanded Bills.

This George could not remember.

The orders had come from somewhere, he was sure, or he never would have so shipped the case.

"Does that tell you anything?" inquired Bills, after the young man had withdrawn.

"Wait a minute," said Old King Brady, drawing his memorandum book from his pocket.

"Yes; it tells me a lot," he said, after consulting the book.

"I am glad of that. I suppose you don't care to explain?"

"It is quite impossible. It is a State secret, this case."

"Is there anything more I can do for you?"

"I think not," replied Old King Brady, "and thanking Mr. Bills for his kindness, the old detective now withdrew.

The discovery made by Old King Brady was indeed a very important one, but it had been made in a most simple manner.

One of the first things the old detective did after his return to New York was to obtain a list of the officials of the defunct Iron & Steel National Bank.

These were listed in his memorandum book, which he had just consulted.

When we mention that the name of the cashier of that once famous bank was James Wetherill, we think we have said enough.

"I think I have my head plotter, all right," murmured the old detective, as he walked up to Broadway. "Now to locate the man."

Old King Brady steered for his office and consulted the directory.

There were six James Wetherills noted there.

One was a mason—rejected, of course.

Another was a drug clerk—promptly crossed off.

Another was an uptown doctor—held in reserve.

The next was a pilot—he didn't count.

Then came a real estate man—he also was held in reserve.

The last on the list read: "Promoter. 40 Wall, h. 98 1-2 W. 77."

This one to Old King Brady's mind seemed to fill the bill.

It appeared natural that a bank cashier, thrown out of a job, should either turn to Wall street or real estate—preferably Wall street.

The one thing he could not hope to do, seeing that he had been the associate of a bank wrecker, was to get into another bank.

Old King Brady now strolled down on Wall street, and called at the office of his own stock broker, for he it known the old detective is a very wealthy man, and often takes a flyer in stocks on his own account.



"Wetherill—yes, I know him," said the broker, who was the office man of a noted firm.

"What sort of a man is he?"

"He stands well on the Street."

"Stock Exchange member?"

"Oh, no. He is nothing of that sort. He has been a mining promoter and has done something in industrials. He's at 40 Wall."

"Rich?"

"Can't say. He lives in good style, and his wife entertains lavishly; but as for actual cash backing I don't know what it amounts to, I am sure."

"Know anything of his past?"

Here was the crucial question, but even with his own broker Old King Brady was not giving himself away, and so led up gradually to it.

"He was formerly cashier of the defunct Iron & Steel Bank," was the answer.

"Indeed. Let me see, who was the president of that beautiful institution?"

"Israel Buzby."

"Committed suicide, didn't he?"

"Indeed he didn't. He went up the river on a twenty-year sentence."

"Oh, yes. I remember now."

•Here Old King Brady changed the subject.

There was nothing further to be learned from the broker.

He felt perfectly well satisfied with his day's work.

He had located his man.

Moreover, he knew that to a man of the same name in Ossining had been shipped a box of dynamite.

That it was the box which contained the ring Old King Brady could not doubt.

Highly satisfied with these discoveries, the old detective made for 40 Wall street.

The next thing was to connect this man Wetherill with the firm of McManus, contractors, for one of the many jobs on the new Croton dam at that time in process of construction.

Old King Brady had quickly formed a line of talk in his mind likely to serve his purpose.

But as it turned out, he was not to get at his point thus.

Entering the elegantly furnished offices of the promoter, the old detective inquired for Mr. Wetherill.

A young man came forward.

The instant his face rested upon Old King Brady he turned deathly pale.

The detective scarcely glanced at him.

"Mr. Wetherill is out of town," the young man said.

"Is there anything I can do?"

"I think not. You are his partner, perhaps?"

"Head clerk."

"Possibly you can help me. I wanted to make some inquiries about the probable cost of forming a small trust in my line of business."

"Oh, you will have to see Mr. Wetherill himself, then."

"When will he be in?"

"To-morrow."

"All right. I'll call again."

Old King Brady withdrew.

He went back to his office and remained there until about half-past three, when, disguising himself in a shabby suit of black, a gray wig and beard to match, he once more sought Wall street.

Here, by moving up and down first on one side of the way and then on the other, he managed to keep the entrance to No. 40 in view.

It was unsatisfactory shadowing, however.

This great building has an exit on Pine street.

Whoever Old King Brady was watching for might as well go out by one door as the other.

Still, the Wall street entrance is close to the elevators, and Old King Brady was taking his chances on missing his man.

And at about half-past four his patience was rewarded by seeing a young man hastily leave the building.

Old King Brady lost no time in dropping behind him.

He felt that he had made another big discovery in the case of the prison plotters.

This was the same young man he had encountered in Mr. Wetherill's office.

For the very best of reasons Old King Brady knew that the young fellow had himself once been an inmate of Sing Sing.

## CHAPTER V.

### HARRY "GETS NEXT" AT LAST.

Harry lost no time in crawling in on the narrow cot alongside of 199.

Old Buzby seemed to be laboring under intense excitement.

"Boy," he whispered, "have you pull enough to get out of this prison quick or have you not? I mean if big money was promised in return for your freedom?"

"I'm afraid not, unless I could put the big money up."

"Can you get money? A few hundred dollars—say, five hundred; enough to grease the palm of this keeper of ours who has been watching and spying on us ever since you were put in here with me?"

"I think I could if I could have a little time."

"Good! Now, listen. I'm a defaulter for a big sum. That money was supposed to have been lost in Wall street, but it wasn't. I hid it all. I have it now where I can put my hand on it if it has not been disturbed, which I greatly doubt. You follow me?"

"Yes, yes."

"Others know of this besides me. Others on the outside. Some time ago a plot was started to set me free. It failed, and it is just as well that it did fail."

"Why so?"

"Because if it had succeeded I should have fallen into



the hands of a scoundrel who after using me would probably have murdered me. Two murders have already been committed in connection with the matter, and—is he coming? Don't you hear footsteps?"

"Not yet, Mr. Buzby. Go on—go on!"

"One was a convict, the other a keeper. They had been working together in a cell, and had with infinite trouble made a secret passage into the sewer which runs under the main prison. The plan was for myself and this other convict—at first there were two of them, but one was pardoned out—to escape into the sewer, and blow up a portion of the prison wall. It was claimed that through the opening thus made we could escape, and there was to be a person outside to aid us. I never had much faith in the plan, and just at the end the keeper and this convict quarreled and killed each other in the cell."

"And was the secret passage discovered?"

"That I don't know, for I was immediately removed to another part of the prison. I want to know; what is more, I feel that you and I, if we could get into that cell, might make our way into the sewer; in case the opening has not been discovered, of course; and so through the sewer to the river front. If you are good swimmer enough to carry me with you, and we could escape without the aid of these outside plotters, it would spell fortune for us both. Could such a thing be done, think?"

"Granting that we were able to gain the river front, you mean?"

"Yes."

"I think I could manage to keep you up in the water, but there are the guards on the wall."

"That's the worst of it."

"We should be shot, sure."

"Suppose we could through this man Mudd bribe the guards?"

"That might mean another five hundred; perhaps a thousand."

"Could you raise it? It will be made good. There are many hundreds of thousands of dollars in my pile if I could get to it."

"Yes; I think I could raise it. In fact, I'm sure I could."

"Hush! No more now. I hear Mudd coming."

Harry heard the keeper, too, this time, and he quickly slipped out of bed.

"I've got the hot-water bag, all right, 862," said Mudd aloud, and then in a whisper he added:

"If I was to slip you into the next cell for a few minutes will you promise to make no trouble. I've got some thing I want to say to you which might prove to be a big thing for yourself."

"Sure," said Harry. "You needn't fear any trouble from me."

"All right, then. Look out for me after the old feller is asleep."

Mudd moved away, and Harry whispered what he had said in Buzby's ear as he applied the bag.

"Go," said the convict. "Go, by all means. Not a word have I heard about that cell since the night of the double murder. This may be just the chance we want."

"Then you go to sleep," replied Young King Brady, and he slipped back into his own cot and was glad to draw the bed-clothes over him, for the night was decidedly cold.

An hour passed, and no sign came from Keeper Mudd.

At the end of this, while Buzby was breathing heavily, but whether asleep or not Harry could not tell, the keeper appeared, and very softly opened the door of the cell.

Harry slipped out of bed and allowed himself to be locked in the vacant cell adjoining.

"Be as quick as you can, keeper," he whispered. "It's freezing cold, and I am anxious to get back to bed."

"Bear it for a minute," replied Mudd. "If I wasn't afraid of someone coming I'd let you put your clothes on, but that man Rust is liable to drop around any minute. Say, what have you succeeded in getting out of 199?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Now, come; yes, yer do. Yer know who he is?"

"Name of Buzby."

"Yes; and he was once the president of the Iron & Steel Bank. Say, he robbed it of two millions, and he's got de dough buried somewheres. Dat I know for a fact."

"You don't mean it."

"Yes, I do. Well, say, dere's dose on de outside what would give big money if dat old guy could once be put into dere hands."

"Well?"

"I know a way by what dat might be worked, but de trouble is he's old an' all bunged up. He never could stand de racket alone."

"Am I to help?"

"Would yer help, fer yer freedom and a big whack-up on dis dough?"

"Would I? Why do you ask me such a stupid question? Of course I would if you can show me how such a thing can be done."

"I can do dat."

"Well?"

"Hush! I hear footsteps. It's Rust, de detective, sure. Slide back, boy! Quick! Quick!"

Mudd was right.

Very likely his name would have been Mudd in a double sense if Harry had not sought his cot with all speed.

The cell door had scarcely been locked upon him when prison detective Rust, with his keen little eyes and ferret face, passed along the corridor.

Mudd was calmly pacing his round.

"Good-evening, keeper," said the detective.

"Good-evening, Mr. Rust," replied Mudd. "That is, if it hain't too late."

"You are right. It is getting along toward morning. How is 199 to-night?"

"Sick."

"He'll die on your hands yet," said Rust, looking be-



tween the bars. "He seems to be asleep all right now, though."

"Yes, just for the minute, but he has been going on pretty bad."

"Look out for him," said the detective. "The warden wants to be notified in case he is really sick. I believe that he is shamming myself."

That ended Young King Brady's seance for that night.

Neither prisoner nor keeper attempted to hold any further conversation with him.

Next day, while at work on his brushes, Detective Rust suddenly appeared beside him.

"You are to follow me," he said.

Without question, Harry arose and followed the man.

He was conducted to the warden's private office.

It was the first time he had seen Mr. Brace, and he hardly knew how to take the call.

As in the case of Old King Brady, Warden Brace first locked the door, and then shook hands.

"I hope you are not having too hard a time of it, Brady," he said. "Sit down. Smoke a cigar."

"It is not an easy job, by any means," replied Harry, accepting the invitation.

He would have much preferred talking to his chief before committing himself in any way with the warden, but it could not be helped.

"How are you making out?" demanded Mr. Brace.

"Fairly well, I think. Have you heard from my partner lately?"

"I haven't heard from him at all since he left here, and I confess I am beginning to feel worried about it."

"You need not, then. That's Old King Brady's way. Unless he had something important to tell you he would not write."

"About yourself; my detective saw you leaving another cell last night. You had been talking with one of our keepers—Mudd."

"That's right. Your man is sharper than I supposed he was."

"Well?"

"You want me to tell you all about it?"

"I most certainly do."

Harry hesitated no longer.

He saw that there was no way out of it, so he told all he had learned.

"You have done good work," said the warden. "What is more, you have lost no time about it. Clearly there is someone in Ossining working on our keepers."

"That is Old King Brady's end of the affair. I must not leave here until he gives the word, unless we want to run the risk of spoiling all."

"You speak as if you thought I had run a risk in bringing you in here to see me to-day."

"I certainly do."

"You needn't then. It is my habit to bring prisoners in here every day for the purpose of giving them advice and counsel."

"That will aid matters, then; but still I think the sooner I get back to my work the better."

"You shall go in a minute. Have you anything to suggest?"

"No; I think matters had better be allowed to take their own course. There are a few questions which I would like to ask, however."

"Well?"

"Has this secret opening been closed?"

"It has not been interfered with in any way. — Old King Brady went through it and down into the sewer, and I have done the same."

"Then how is it Mudd doesn't feel sure?"

"He doesn't know how to enter. Let me describe to you, so that you may have no trouble in finding the opening in case he takes you in there."

This was done, and then Harry asked how he should communicate with the warden in case necessity required it.

"Send for me, and I will send for you," was the reply.

"That might spoil all."

"Then I don't just see how we can arrange it."

"Suppose I report sick?"

"That will do. I'll order you to the hospital, and from there you will be brought here."

With this Harry was allowed to depart.

Detective Rust conducted him back to the brush shop, and he resumed his work.

## CHAPTER VI.

### WORKING WITH CHARLEY FRENCH.

Old King Brady shadowed Mr. Wetherill's clerk up Broadway to Park Row, and thence past the busy Brooklyn Bridge entrance to the shabby old building in which his own office was located.

The young man was evidently heading for the Bowery.

As Old King Brady did not care to follow him up into the East Side slums he quickened his pace and laid a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"French, how are you?" he exclaimed.

The young man wheeled around, with a scared look upon his face.

"I—I don't know you," he gasped. "You are making a mistake."

"No mistake. If you don't know me in my disguise, then I know you all right. Kindly step upstairs."

"Old King Brady!"

"No one else."

"I don't have to. I've served my time in Sing Sing. You have no call to stop me on the street like this."

"Quite so; I have no call. Go on about your business if you think best."

"But——"



"No buts. I'm going upstairs. Follow me or not as you please."

"I suppose you'll sell me out or put up some job on me if I don't do as you say," growled the fellow suspiciously.

"Stop right there," was the stern reply. "I have had dealings with hundreds of criminals and ex-convicts in my time. There is not a man among the whole of them who can say that Old King Brady ever raised his finger to run him back to prison. Quite the contrary. I have helped to keep many a poor fellow from traveling that road a second time."

With this remark Old King Brady turned abruptly and started upstairs.

He was not afraid of losing his man, for he felt that he could put his finger on him at any time.

Moreover, he felt so sure that the fellow would follow him from sheer curiosity that he scarcely gave the other matter a thought.

And, as usual, it proved that Old King Brady was right.

He had not time to unlock the door before he heard French's step on the stairs.

Leaving the door open, the old detective walked in.

French came in a minute.

"I am here," he said. "I am willing to listen to what you have to say."

"Sit down," replied Old King Brady. "Will you smoke a cigar?"

"Thank you. I don't mind."

"You are not quite sure yet that I am Old King Brady. Speak out now. Isn't it so?"

"Yes, it is so."

"I'll settle that point. Watch me."

Right before the fellow Old King Brady made one of his lightning changes.

"Satisfied now?" he asked.

"How can I be otherwise? Great Scott, you are slick at that."

"Well, that's my business. You now see the man who arrested you for helping yourself to other people's property when you had charge of the coat-room of the Sunrise Club."

"Don't throw that up to me, Mr. Brady. I hold my pardon from the Governor of this State."

"I know. You are trying to live down your record. Do you find it hard?"

Tears filled young French's eyes, for there was a lot of sympathy in the old detective's voice.

"Very hard."

"It is always so. In your case, however, I believe it will all come out right in the end, for the reason that I believe you want to do right."

"Thank you. But how can you know that? You know very little about me, anyhow, and what you do know is all on the wrong side of the page."

"Not all."

"What do you mean?"

"I am thinking of the letter which you wrote Warden Brace, of Sing Sing prison the other day."

Charley French started.

Old King Brady had played his trump card.

Already he felt assured that it had taken the trick.

Of course, it had been mere guesswork on his part, but just as quick as he laid eyes on young French in Wetherill's office he felt that he had spotted the letter writer.

Moreover, he understood why the writer was so afraid to have his name revealed.

"You saw that letter?" demanded French nervously.

"I saw the letter!"

"I had Mr. Brace's promise that he would not reveal my name before it was ever written."

"Let me assure you that Mr. Brace did not reveal your name."

"Then how can you know?"

"It is my business to know things, young man. Let us try and understand each other. In that letter you say that it may cost you your life to have it known that you wrote it."

"That's no dream."

"You fear James Wetherhill?"

"Yes, I do! I fear him, and I fear starvation. You never were an ex-convict. You have no idea what a fellow who has done time has to go through with. It is something terrible."

"I know."

"But you don't know—you can't. Cut that out, though. What is your game?"

"No game. Don't put it that way."

"What do you want with me, then?"

"To tell you that I am working on this case of these prison plotters; to find out whose side you are really on, mine or Wetherill's."

"Never his!" cried French, fiercely. "Would I have written that letter if I had been?"

"How did you come to fall in with him?"

"He looked me up after I had been a month on the street, and took me into his employ. Of course, at the time I considered our meeting accidental, but afterwards I knew that he had been watching me all the while, and that he knew that I knew about the plot, and would have been taken into it if I had not been pardoned. The man is a scoundrel. He is making me do all sorts of dirty work. He pays me well, and threatens to discharge me and publish my record if I refuse to obey him. I believe he is wicked enough to go a step further and to hire someone to kill me. So there you are, Mr. Brady. Now you know the fix I am in."

"And what is the nature of this dirty work which you are called upon to do?" demanded Old King Brady. "Speak freely. As matters stand it seems to me that I am about the only person who can save you from this man's clutches, if you want to be saved."

"I want to live. I haven't a friend on earth. Of course."



I can make friends with the crooks of this big town fast enough. But I don't want to do that."

"Right. Now, understand me. Give the warden and myself your full help in this matter, and I shall make it my business to put you in a place where your life will be very different."

"I jump at the chance, Mr. Brady."

"Then tell me all about this man Wetherill, and your life with him."

Old King Brady had won out.

The story he got about Wetherill can only interest our readers so far as it concerns the prison plotters.

Enough was told to show the old detective that this man was engaged in all kinds of crooked transactions.

His real business, according to French, was the negotiation of stolen securities.

As everyone who has had anything to do with Wall street knows, this is a most dangerous occupation. Yet it is done right along in Wall street, and many so engaged escape discovery.

Regarding the plotters, French really knew very little beyond what he had learned in the prison.

The main piece of information which he had gained through his service with Wetherill was that he had been behind the plot, and now that West and Ducell were dead, and Israel Buzby had been transferred to another part of the prison, he was trying to work up a fresh plot to enable the bank president to escape.

Old King Brady proceeded very cautiously, and was able to learn all this without exposing anything the warden had said or done.

By the time he had completed his work with Charley French he and the young men were on the best of terms.

And thus they parted, French promising to meet the old detective again on the following day at the office.

Old King Brady wanted time to think.

The next day passed, and young French did not show up.

This was annoying, for the old detective had formed a plan of his own, and he was most anxious to talk with French, in order to ascertain what he thought about the chances of it being successfully carried out.

But several days elapsed, and the young man not only failed to come, but when Old King Brady sent a messenger to Wetherill's office inquiring for him all the satisfaction he could get was the report that French was sick.

It was just as he was about to take desperate measures to move in the case that French turned up one afternoon, looking like a walking ghost.

He really had been sick, it appeared, and that was all there was to his absence.

"We must get right down to work," said Old King Brady. "Now, my scheme is for you to tell Wetherill that you have discovered a man who can help him to get Buzby out of prison if he is only paid enough. I, of course, am the man. I shall pose as an ex-convict, and a man with a big political pull. What I want is to gain his confidence

and find out what his game really is, and who is working with him in the prison. Do you think the thing can be worked?"

"I am sure it can," said Charley, emphatically. "He is all at sea in the matter. I know he is trying to work with someone on the inside, but who it is he won't tell me. He did tell me last night, though, that he was afraid he would not be able to do anything for some time to come."

"Try it on," said Old King Brady. "My name for the occasion will be Peter Powers. I shall hold out at Jack Bagster's faro bank, on West 43d street. You know where it is?"

"Oh, yes."

"Do you think Wetherill knows the man?"

"I can't say, I'm sure. I never heard him talk about gambling. I don't believe he plays faro at all."

"Try it on," said Old King Brady, and shortly after young French left.

Old King Brady went to Bagster's faro bank that evening.

He knew the proprietor of old.

The man was under many obligations to him. He felt that he could count upon his help.

"Jack," he said, "do you know a Wall street man named George Wetherill, who poses as a promoter at 40 Wall street?"

"Never heard of him," replied the gambler. "Why?"

"Because I want to use him in a case I am working up, and I want you to help me to do it. Of course, I can't use him if he is a friend of yours."

"But he isn't, and if I can help you in any way, Brady, I'll do it," was the reply.

The help Old King Brady wanted and got was the privilege of taking a furnished room in the gambling house for a few days.

Having arranged this, Old King Brady returned to his house on Washington Square, where he had an evening appointment with Charley French.

The young convict turned up about nine o'clock, just as the detective had given him up.

As soon as he entered the room Old King Brady saw that something unusual had happened to him.

"What's in the wind?" he asked.

"I am, boss!" cried Charley, with a short laugh. "The wind is blowing full astern, and it is going to blow us straight to success, if I don't read the signs wrong."

"Good! Explain."

"Explanation is easy. The boss worked off a big lot of stolen securities to-day, and got loaded to the eyes while finishing up the job. He came to the office and shut himself in his private room. Everybody got tired of waiting for him to come out, so at six o'clock I suggested that we shut up shop and leave him there, as we have had to do before, by the way."

"Well, did you do it?"

"I got the others out of the way, Mr. Brady, and then I sneaked into the room to see what I could find on him.



You see, I had not had a chance to say a word to him about your scheme. Thought I might get a pointer if I went through his pockets. What I did get was this."

Charley handed Old King Brady a little memorandum book and a Russia leather wallet.

"You have been through these things?" asked the old detective.

"I have. They are great."

Old King Brady proceeded to examine the stolen goods.

He spent a lot of time over the memorandum book before he spoke.

"This is most important, French," he said gravely.

"So it seems to me."

"Rather knocks my plan to pieces, however."

"I don't see any necessity for carrying out your plan now."

"There is none."

"Shall I take these things back to him?"

"Could you safely do it?"

"Oh, sure. He'll sleep there on the lounge till morning. He often does. The janitor rather expects me back to look after him, so there will be no trouble about getting in the building."

"Do it then. I'll copy off the points of interest."

"What shall you do?"

"Go to Sing Sing to-morrow."

"Can I be of any help?"

"The way you can best help is by sticking close to your job, where you can post me as to Wetherill's movements if I want to be posted."

"I'll do whatever you say."

"Do that. You may hear from me later, and you may not until we are through with our work."

French left soon after.

He had no sooner gone than Old King Brady summoned his colored factotum Julius and informed him that he would be away for a few days.

Old King Brady then proceeded to Ossining, and taking a room at the hotel, telephoned to Warden Brace to call upon him without delay.

And this, in spite of the lateness of the hour, the warden did.

They remained together until after three o'clock, when the warden departed, leaving Old King Brady to snatch a few hours of much-needed sleep.

## CHAPTER VII.

### PLOTTING IN THE PRISON.

It was the night of Harry's visit to the warden that Old King Brady turned up in Ossining.

That night also saw a change in Harry's affairs.

Keeper Mudd, growing bolder, had made a move on his own account.

Early in the evening, before he went on duty, the keeper requested an interview with Warden Brace.

He was immediately summoned to the office, where he told a story about convict Dick Arnold.

"I think he ought to be separated from 199, sir," he went on to say. There is no doubt that they are hatching up some sort of a plot to escape."

"What!" exclaimed the warden, showing great surprise.

"Yes, sir," replied Mudd. "I've been doing a little spying on my own account, and while I don't rightly know what their scheme is, from what little I've heard dropped I am sure there is a plot on foot. I thought it was my duty to warn you, sir, and that is why I am here."

"Quite right, Mudd," said Mr. Brace. "But don't you think if you leave them together a while longer you may be able to hear more?"

"I was thinking of that, sir," replied the keeper, "but it seemed to me that if I could put the young feller in a cell by himself, and then work my cards right, I might get the whole story out of him."

"Ah!" said Mr. Brace. "A good idea, Mudd. Well, where would you put him?"

"There is a vacant cell next to Buzby's. They would be sure to try to communicate. I don't think I need to say any more, sir. I think you catch on to my scheme."

"Put him there. Work it your own way," said the warden, and he proceeded to write out the necessary order for the change.

At the time Warden Brace did not fully understand the keeper's action, although he had already heard enough from Harry to assure him of the crookedness of Keeper Mudd.

But before he left Old King Brady at the hotel that night it was all made plain.

To Harry and the bank president the change came as a surprise.

Mudd offered no explanation, but just marched Young King Brady into the next cell.

Harry made no attempt to communicate with old Buzby, as had been predicted by Mudd.

This he might readily have done, for as it happened there was nobody else in the "talk house" that night but themselves.

Once Buzby called to him through the grated door, and Harry, coming to his door, told him that he thought they had better not try to do any talking, so both went to bed.

Harry slept until after midnight, when he was suddenly awakened by a hand being laid upon his forehead.

He started up to find Keeper Mudd beside him.

"Hush! Don't make a sound," was whispered. "You remember the talk we had yesterday?"

"Of course."

"I want to say to you now that I brought this change about, and I did it so we could talk some more."

"Well?"

"Do you want to go into a deal with me which will get you your freedom?"



"Of course I do. You understood that yesterday, all right."

"The old man will have to go with you."

"Well?"

"How much has he told you about his affairs since we had our talk?"

"He hasn't told me anything more."

"He suspects me. He thinks I'm against him, but let me explain to you that there are parties outside who will pay me big money to get that man out of here."

"I supposed that was so."

"It is so; but he never can go alone. He's too old. He will have to be steered."

"And you want me to do the steering?"

"Somebody has got to do it. I was told to get some young feller in on the deal who would look out for the old guy, and I've decided on you."

"Do I come in on the pay?"

"No, you don't. Not to the tune of so much as one cent. You get your freedom, and dat's enough—see?"

"I shall have to be content with that, then."

"Dat's what you will. Is it a bargain?"

"Oh, sure. There is no kick coming from me. But how is it to be brought about?"

"Dis way. The job has been tried before, but a feller who had me job got killed by a convict named Ducell, who made the rat-hole what I want you to find."

Mudd then went on to tell the story Old King Brady had heard from the warden.

He informed Harry that while he knew that the secret passage into the main sewer of the prison existed, he still did not know how to enter it.

He added that the warden and others had searched for the opening, but had failed to find it.

Then he wound up by suggesting that Harry undertake to find it.

"Although they was for blowing the wall up, and are still talking about dat," he went on to say, "dere hain't no doubt in my mind but what a smart feller could make his way right to de end of de sewer. If dat can be done I can fix it so a boat can meet you dere some night and take youse both away."

"But the guard on the wall," said Harry. "I don't care to get plugged with a bullet. I tell you that straight."

"They'll be fixed," said Mudd. "Leave dat to me."

"And what do you want me to do first?"

"I want you to get into dat cell to-night and see what you can do toward finding de opening what leads into dat hole."

"Is it safe?"

"Sure it is. De warden had a curtain hung up in front of de door right away after de killing, and it has been dere ever since. I can smuggle you in dere and it's up to you to do de rest."

"Well, I'll try. When do we go?"

"Now. I've got both corridors on my beat to-night, as we are a man shy. We can go right now."

Harry got up and pulled on part of his clothes, but by Mudd's direction left off his shoes and stockings.

Mudd unlocked the door and hurried him into the other prison, which adjoined the talk house.

Inside of three minutes Harry was behind the curtain.

It was a case of working in the dark, for as the keeper explained, it would be as impossible for him to provide a light as it would be to move the curtain even enough to allow the light from the corridor to shine in.

"But if you find the opening I'll pass you in a dark lantern," he added. "Of course, you can't go down into the sewer in the dark."

Once behind the curtain Harry sat on the edge of the cot until his eyes became accustomed to the gloom.

It was not entirely dark, for although the curtain was of good thick stuff, some rays of light would penetrate.

In a few minutes Young King Brady began to find that he could see his surroundings to a certain extent.

He then got down upon the floor and began to feel about for the movable stone which the warden had described.

Harry took his time.

The Bradys have done a lot of work in connection with secret passages.

They have become most expert in that line.

Therefore with the warden's tip to guide him, it is no wonder that Young King Brady in a very short time was able to lift the stone.

The fearful odor which arose nearly stifled him, and he was glad to drop it back into place in a hurry.

Then arising, he went to the curtain and drew it a little to one side.

As this corridor was filled with sleeping prisoners, absolute caution was necessary to prevent discovery.

Mathew Mudd was not in sight.

The keeper could not stand at the door of the cell without the risk of being seen by someone, and that, of course, would not do.

In a few moments he came along.

Harry merely thrust a hand out.

"Did you get there?" breathed Mudd, in the faintest of whispers.

"Yes."

"Open?"

"Yes."

"Good enough. Wait."

The keeper continued on his round.

After a little he was back again, and as he was passing the cell a dark lantern was thrust between the bars.

Harry instantly drew the curtain over the narrow space exposed.

He thought that Mudd would leave him.

But in this he was mistaken.

Of course, it was the keepers right to unlock any cell he chose.

Mudd unlocked this one, and putting his finger to his lips, walked in, gave one hurried glance at the raised stone, and walking out again, locked the door.



Harry in the meantime made himself small in a corner, so as not to be seen by any of the prisoners in the cells on the opposite side of the corridor.

What followed we shall let Young King Brady describe in his own words.

Going down into a sewer is a disgusting job at best.

Harry found this trip underground quite up to his expectations.

About twenty minutes later he gave Mudd the signal agreed upon.

The cell door was then cautiously unlocked, and after the keeper had moved away Harry shot noiselessly along the corridor.

Mudd was ready for him at the door leading into the corridor of the "talk house."

In a moment they were together in the cell.

"By gracious, boy, you done it!" the keeper exclaimed.

"Yes," replied Harry. "I went the length of the sewer and got as near to its mouth as I could."

"That's under water."

"Yes; it's full at the mouth; but there is some rise and fall of the river with the tide here, is there not?"

"A little, but not much."

"I would have gone out into the river if I had dared."

"You would have been shot sure to-night, but by to-morrow I expect to have all that fixed with the guard. Do youse tink you could work de old man through?"

"I can try. He might die on my hands, though."

"Dere's de risk."

"Hadn't I better take time to talk about it to-night?"

"Leave me tink. We want to improve de tide business if we can."

"We certainly do. If the water is only a couple of feet lower that will be something."

"I tink we'll put it off till to-morrow night, anyhow. Meantime I'll find out about the tide. Did youse put de stone back all right?"

"Oh, yes; I was very particular about that."

"Good! We have made a bully start. Now, look here, boy, I'm going to tell youse someting. First off I wouldn't promise youse noting till I seen how you'd make out; but now I'll tell yer dis much. You put dat job troo to a success and dere'll be a tousand dollars coming your way. To dat I swear."

Of course, Harry was delighted, and said as much.

"Did you see anything of a box of dynamite down dere?" asked Mudd.

"Yes," said Harry.

"It was full?"

"Oh, yes.

"And so it was—full of sawdust," he added to himself.

"Den it's all right, an' de warden has never tumbled," chuckled Mudd. "You see, I didn't know, on account of dat curtain, and he's been in behind dere a couple of times. But I guess he didn't find nothing, or de dynamite would have been removed. Did youse see any rats now, down dere?"

"I saw five."

"Look at dat, now! Oh, de bastes! I wouldn't go down dere myself, not for all de money ould——"

Mudd stopped short.

"You were going to mention the name of the fellow who's paying for this job," chuckled Harry.

"Dat's right," laughed the keeper, "but I guess on de whole I won't. Now youse kin go in wit de ould man for awhile. Tell him what has happened, and make him understand that I am not what he thinks me, but am on his side for keeps."

So Harry was again admitted to Buzby's cell, and before morning dawned there had been a lot of talk between them.

If Keeper Mudd had heard it he would have been disgusted.

One remark alone will show how Israel Buzby viewed the scheme.

"Boy," he said, "let them plot for me and against me all they will. If you can only get me out and help me to get clear of my rescuers I'll guarantee to make you rich for life. Without your help I am satisfied that I shall be worse off outside of Sing Sing than in it. Unless it is you that I am to go with I won't budge an inch."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A MATTER OF MUDD.

At eight o'clock next morning Old King Brady turned up at Sing Sing.

The old detective was dressed as a gentleman of wealth and wore a shiny plug hat.

He was at once closeted with Warden Brace.

"Mr. Brady," said the warden, "I have been thinking over our interview last night, and it seems to me that there is but one thing to do, and that is to let this plot be carried out to a finish."

"You mean to allow this escape through the sewer to be made?"

"I do."

"Well, then, I don't. I don't care to have my partner run the risk of being shot by the guard on the prison wall."

"That can be arranged."

"There might be a slip."

"I think not."

"In the second place, old Buzby runs an excellent chance of being drowned or of suffocating in the sewer."

"There is that chance, of course."

"It is too big a risk, Mr. Brace."

"But we want to trap this man Wetherill and his pal. It is a very serious matter to have two men at large who swing influence enough to put a fellow like Mathew Mudd in office here. Do you know that I received positive orders



to put that man on duty from a certain prominent political boss?"

"It does not surprise me in the least to hear it. The letters in that pocketbook and the entries in the memorandum book are quite sufficient to convict both the Wetherills, for the promoter's pal is his brother, I have learned, and can be made use of later. What we want now is to get old Buzby out and let him reveal the hiding place of the stolen bank money, but to do this he must be made to believe that he is being helped to escape."

"And how can this be arranged?"

"Only by your help, and through the aid of this man Mudd, so it seems to me."

"I should have to have an order from the Governor before I would dare to consent to such a scheme."

"I've got it."

"What?"

"Read that telegram. I sent my message to Albany before I went to bed this morning, and received this in return just before starting for the prison."

The warden took the telegram which Old King Brady extended to him.

"Order Brace to do whatever you say in the matter of c. 199," was the way the despatch read.

It was signed by the name of the Governor of the State of New York.

"This must be confirmed before I shall consent to act," said the warden.

"Very well," replied Old King Brady. "Let him confirm it. I will wait."

"It shall be attended to at once," said the warden. "In the meantime, what is your scheme about Mudd?"

"To put up a job on him, to trap him and then to bring him over on our side."

"Can that be done?"

"Oh, he'll come fast enough as soon as he finds his game is known. Of course, we shall have to let him go free."

"It's a shame! He ought to get ten years."

"That can't be. Shall I act?"

"How do you propose to act?"

"Oh, I'll bribe him. I'll figure as Wetherill's agent. As soon as he gets the money in his pocket I'll jump on him. A little persuasion will do the rest."

"All right. Will you call again in a couple of hours?"

"Yes; but let me send him in a letter first. Would it be possible for me to see my partner now?"

"Certainly, if you wish. But would not that be apt to excite Mudd's suspicions?"

"Perhaps it might. We will cut it out."

Thus they talked.

In the meanwhile Warden Brace ordered his assistant to get the Governor on the telephone, and he had his talk with that official.

Upon returning to Old King Brady he said:

"Your despatch is fully confirmed, Mr. Brady. There

appear to be some very strong people among the creditors of the defunct Iron & Steel Bank."

"So I judged," replied Old King Brady, quietly.

"I am going to let you into a secret. This is confidential, of course."

"As you will."

"The Governor himself is one of them."

"I suspected as much."

"Yes, it is so. The matter rests entirely with you. These people want their money, and naturally they don't care to see it go either to the Wetherill brothers or the thief who originally stole it. In case Buzby escapes permanently I am not to be held responsible, so go ahead."

Old King Brady went to the warden's desk and scrawled a few lines, addressing the envelope in which he enclosed it to Mathew Mudd.

"Let this be delivered to the man," he said, "and at the same time order my partner put in the cell where the secret passage is, and the door left unlocked, and give him the note which I shall write. This to be done by another keeper, of course. Can it be so arranged?"

"Certainly. Mudd is not on duty now."

"Very well. Also fix it that the corridor where the cell is shall be unguarded when I meet Mudd; also see that you and someone to back you up in case of trouble can be close at hand to appear on the scene when I spring it on Mudd who I am."

"All right, Brady. It shall all be just as you say. Just sit here and make yourself comfortable. It may take a few minutes. Mudd is on only at night, you know. He is in bed now."

"One minute. Do you propose to make a secret delivery of my note?"

"I thought it would be better. Don't you?"

"Yes; I was going to request it. That is all."

In about half an hour a young keeper entered the office.

"It is the wish of the warden that you follow me, sir," he said.

Old King Brady arose and followed the young man through the prison into the now deserted corridor of the "talk house."

"Wait here, sir," his guide whispered, and then withdrew.

The wait was but a brief one.

Then the door at the end of the corridor opened, and Keeper Mudd slid in.

His face showed surprise and also disgust.

"How are you?" he said, with an evident effort to control himself. "Are you de party who sent me dat note?"

"I am," replied Old King Brady. "I am George Wetherill's agent."

"You run a terrible risk coming here. It's likely to queer the whole business."

"Nothing of the sort. You don't begin to know Mr. Wetherill's pull."

"I can't help dat. I have dis whole business arranged,



and by you butting in you are likely to spoil de whole ting."

"Mudd, it can't be helped. Wetherill wants me to see that opening for myself. He has been told that it has been closed up."

"Tain't so! I tell yer I seen it open meself only last night."

"Just the same, if you expect to earn your money you will have to show it to me. I am here as a health officer. The warden has given me permission to inspect as many of the cells as I chose. Have you received orders to that effect?"

"I have received orders to do just as you tell me, but I wouldn't even have come here to meet you if you hadn't given me de password in dat letter you wrote. I s'pose it's all right, and I shall have to do just as you say."

"Of course it's all right," said Old King Brady, encouragingly. "Let us get through with it as quick as we can."

"You can come on den," said the keeper, starting for the door.

He was evidently uneasy and dissatisfied.

Still, he could scarcely have done otherwise than to accept the old detective for what he claimed to be.

In the pocketbook taken from Wetherill were letters from Mudd; in the memorandum book were very full details of Wetherill's dealings with the man.

A few skillful allusions to these details, together with the password which it had been agreed upon by himself and Wetherill should accompany all communications between them had put the keeper entirely in Old King Brady's power.

Nevertheless Mudd had a dim suspicion that all was not right.

They entered the corridor, to find it unguarded.

"Say, dis is strange. Dere's no keeper here," whispered Mudd. "What does it mean?"

"Oh, I fixed that," replied Old King Brady. "Just the same, we had better examine each cell in turn, for we may be watched. Go on."

Most of the cells were empty, the prisoners being at their work.

Mudd opened door after door, until they came to the curtained cell.

"This is de one," he whispered. "I can't raise de stone, though. You won't see nothin' when you go in."

He unlocked the door and out stepped Harry in his prison garb.

The stone was raised, and the opening exposed.

"What's dis?" gasped the keeper, starting back.

"Trapped, Mathew Mudd!" cried Old King Brady, clutching the keeper's arm. "Your day is all over here!"

"Ah, gwan an' chase yerself, old man!" roared the plotter.

He raised his keys to strike, but Harry caught his arm.

At the same instant Warden Brace and another came into the corridor.

Mudd's face was a study.

Rage, terror, and then crawling servility were the expressions which passed over it.

Warden Brace stood regarding him with a sneering smile, while a convict who happened to be in the adjoining cell looked curiously through the grated door, wondering what it was all about.

"Well, Mudd," said the warden, "what's the matter with you? Trying to make a place for yourself on the inside here? How dare you bring a stranger into the prison? How dare you let this prisoner out without my consent?"

Mr. Brace winked at the keeper, and his face wore a comical look.

"I—I——" began Mudd, but his voice failed him.

"Lock that young man up again," said the Warden. "Follow me to the office. You, sir, will come, too."

All this was for the benefit of the listening convict, of course.

The warden led the way to his office after Harry had been locked in. Old King Brady and the discomfited keeper followed.

Not until the door had been locked by the warden himself was anything said.

"Sit down, Mudd," said Mr. Brace then.

Old King Brady had already taken a chair, and the warden having placed himself at his desk, turned upon the keeper, saying:

"Mudd, do you know who this gentleman is?"

"Naw, I don't."

"Wait a minute and I'll show you," interrupted the detective.

Then in their presence he made one of his quick changes, and appeared in his usual dress.

Mudd's jaw dropped.

"Do you know me now?" he asked.

"You are Old King Brady, the detective!"

"That is who I am."

Mudd fidgetted in his chair.

"I suppose it is all up wit me," he said.

"Not necessarily," replied Old King Brady. "Let us get at the root of this thing. Do you know who convict 862 is?"

"I can guess."

"And your guess would be correct. He is my partner, Young King Brady."

"So I tought."

"You see now the hole you have got yourself into by working for George Wetherill. All is known. You can only escape a term in Sing Sing in one way."

"What about dat?"

"By getting on the band wagon while there's time."

"Coming over to your side, you mean?"

"I mean exactly that."

"How about it, Mr. Brace. Is it all right, just as he says?"

"It certainly is, Mudd," replied the warden.



"Oh, well, den, if it is only dat," replied the keeper, with an air of relief, "I am wid yez, of coorse."

Old King Brady smiled.

He felt that they had captured the enemy's principal stronghold.

As for the rest, it was bound to follow in due course. It was only a question of time.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE FAKE ESCAPE FROM SING SING.

Old King Brady did not ask Keeper Mudd for a full confession of his part in the prison plot, as another detective would have done.

This he felt to be quite useless.

The man was a crook by instinct.

Nothing that he could say was to be trusted, so where was the use.

Turning upon the treacherous fellow, Old King Brady said:

"Now, Mudd, it is understood that you act entirely under the orders of Mr. Brace. Understand you will be closely watched, and any attempt you may make to communicate with George Wetherill will seal your fate."

"Oh, I understand," was the reply. "Youse need have no fear of me."

"I now suggest that you return to your duties. Mr. Brace, you agree?"

"Certainly," replied the warden, "but with the understanding that you don't attempt to leave the prison without my express permission, Mudd."

The door was then opened and Mudd went.

"That's a fair specimen of the sort of cattle the politicians force upon us," said the warden bitterly. "Is it any wonder we get into trouble here?"

"No wonder. Now, Mr. Brace, we must act quick in this matter, or that wretch will surely find some way of communicating with the Wetherills."

"I am entirely at your service."

"Let me write out my instructions, then, and you can tell me if you consider my plan feasible."

"Sit down here and help yourself," said the warden, getting up from the desk.

Old King Brady, seizing a pen, covered two sheets of paper with his "fly tracks," and handed it to Mr. Brace.

"I can do all that," said the warden. "It's a good scheme. You will attend to the outside part?"

"Yes. You guarantee we will not be fired at by the guards?"

"Certainly. You need be under no uneasiness whatever on that score. When shall you act?"

"To-morrow night."

"Settled. Everything shall be as you say."

"And remember up to the last minute Mudd must sup-

pose that he is going with us. I trust to you to hold him back until I have had time to finish my work."

Old King Brady then withdrew.

\* \* \* \* \*

Harry was not taken completely by surprise at the sight of his partner.

He had received only a line directing him to open the passage in the cell, but as that line had been signed by the mystic initials "O. K. B.," it was enough to tell him that the chances were he would see the old detective soon.

Having restored the stone to its place, Young King Brady awaited developments.

In a short time a keeper came to him, and opening the cell, took him to his place in the brush shop.

Night came, and found Mudd on duty as usual.

Harry, who was put in the other cell by himself, feared trouble.

During the early part of the evening Mudd passed and repassed the grated door, but did not speak, or even look his way.

It was not until long after midnight that Young King Brady heard the familiar voice calling through the bars: "Hey, 862! Wake up! I want to have a word wit yer."

Harry sprang up in bed.

"Is that you, Mr. Mudd?" he exclaimed.

"Yes; come to the door."

Harry approached nearer, but not within reach.

"Look here, now, youse needn't be afraid dat I'm goin' to do yer," whispered Mudd. "Dis is de first time it's been safe for me to speak, an' I want to say dat it's all right. I'm wid yez, heart an' soul. Believe me or not, I never was really agin yez. I was put up to dis plot, an' I would have exposed it to de warden in de end."

"Oh, that's it, is it," replied Harry.

Here was a miserable time-serving fellow seeking to feather his own nest.

"What's de scheme?" continued Mudd. "Do yez know?"

"I know nothing at all about it," replied Harry. "You might as well ask one of those iron bars as to ask me."

"Well, den tell de warden what I say, will yer?" said Mudd. "I den't want to lose me job. You can do me a good turn an' it won't cost you nothing. Do it now, boy."

"All right," replied Harry, and as Mudd moved away he went back to bed.

And this was the end of Harry's dealings with Mr. Mathew Mudd.

Next morning Young King Brady was summoned to the office.

Here he received a letter from his chief containing full instructions.

That night Harry was put in the cell with Buzby again. The old sinner was in a very unhappy frame of mind.

"There's nothing doing," he said to Harry. "I relied on you to work up our scheme with that keeper, but you don't seem to be making any headway at all."

"That ain't so," replied Young King Brady. "We can't



do these things in a day, Mr. Buzby. I've been working right along, and now I am going to surprise you. It's all arranged!"

"What!" gasped the defaulter.

"It's all arranged. We are to be put in that cell within a night or two—of course, I can't say just when. Mudd has engaged a boat to come for us at the mouth of the sewer. It depends upon when he can get it in there safely. He'll let us know."

The old man showed considerable excitement over these statements.

The evening advanced, and along towards midnight Buzby's regular breathing told Harry that he was asleep.

Mudd was pacing the corridor, but he never looked into the cell once.

Harry now slipped out of bed, and producing a small vial which had been given him by the warden, poured a portion of its contents into a teaspoon.

Then, watching his chance, he turned the dose down Buzby's mouth.

The old man must have been sleeping soundly, for he never even gasped.

He slept sounder still after that.

Harry shook him after a little, but he did not respond.

Stepping to the door, Young King Brady called:

"Mr. Mudd!"

The keeper promptly responded.

"You can tell whoever is in waiting that he is sound asleep now."

"All right, sir!"

He promptly vanished, and soon returned, accompanied by two men whom Harry had never seen.

Mudd unlocked the door, and the men entered the cell.

They carried with them a large double blanket, and this they wrapped around Buzby, concealing even his face.

Then, taking up the man between them, head and feet, they carried him out of the cell.

Mudd locked the door on Harry after they had departed.

"You go next," he whispered, "and then me."

"Good," said Harry. "We shall want you, or he may suspect that there is something crooked about it all."

After a little the two men returned with their blanket.

"Orders are to serve you in the same way, young man," said one.

"Very good," replied Harry. "I'm ready."

"Lie down then."

Harry flung himself upon the cot.

He was then wrapped up in the blanket, and carried off by the two men.

They passed through several corridors, and down steps.

At last the blanket was removed, and Young King Brady, raised to his feet, found himself standing just on the pier which runs out into the Hudson from Sing Sing prison.

Alongside was a rowboat in which Buzby lay.

There were two other men in the boat, one of whom Harry saw was Old King Brady roughly dressed.

"Get in," said the man who had lifted Harry up.

He dropped down into the boat, and was immediately pulled away out upon the river.

Looking back, Young King Brady perceived the guards on the wall pacing up and down.

They paid no attention whatsoever. Indeed, as near as Harry could see, they did not even look down upon the pier.

Not a word was spoken during the journey out to a small tug which lay well away from the prison.

Here Buzby was taken aboard and Harry followed.

Old King Brady led him into the little cabin where Buzby lay asleep on the seat.

Having closed the door, the old detective seized his partner by the hand and shook it heartily.

"At last I have delivered you from that horrible dose, Harry!" he exclaimed. "You have had a hard time of it, my boy?"

"Oh, not so bad," was the reply. "Of course, it was awfully tedious. The worst was not knowing what ~~was~~ to expect next."

"Did Mudd suspect that he was not going?"

"Not at all. He believed up to the last minute that he was going. He will be mad enough about this time."

"I fear that man, Harry. He has some confederate who helps him communicate with the outside, as sure as we are here. I'll explain all about my mysterious moves later. Now we want to undress this man while he is still under the influence of the sleeping potion, and put other clothes on him. He must be made to believe that he was actually brought through the sewer."

"If you can do it. He's sharp enough. I believe that plan will fail."

The Bradys then went to work to strip Buzby and put on other clothes.

This, of course, was no easy matter to accomplish, but the detective succeeded in doing it without arousing the man.

Harry then made a change for himself.

"He sleeps heavily," remarked Old King Brady, looking down upon the bank president. "I trust you have not given him too stiff a dose, my boy; that might ruin all."

## CHAPTER X.

### BEGINNING WITH BUZBY.

It was broad daylight when Israel Buzby awoke.

He was alone in the cabin of the tug, and Young King Brady lay stretched upon the cushioned seat.

For the moment Harry had dropped off, and it was Buzby's voice which called him back from the land of dreams.



"Arnold! Arnold!"

Harry sprang to his feet.

"Mr. Buzby!" he exclaimed. "So you have waked up at last?"

"Waked up—yes! How strangely I feel. What is the meaning of this?"

"It means that my friends have rescued you, and me, too," replied Harry, with a smile. "That's all."

"All! And I remember nothing about it? How can that be? I went to sleep in my cell and now——"

"And now you are on the tug Rainbow getting down the river as fast as steam can take us! I'm so thankful you have come to your senses. By gracious! I thought you never would."

"Young man, there has been some strange work. What happened to me?"

"What!" cried Harry. "Do you mean to tell me that you don't remember going down into the sewer with me?"

"I certainly do not."

"I thought you acted queer. You were like a man in a trance all the time. When we struck the mouth of the sewer I had to hold you up. You seemed entirely unconscious then. I had a deuce of a time getting you into the boat."

"Where is Mudd?"

"Say, he didn't come."

"I had an idea he meant to come with us."

"He changed his mind. He thought it wouldn't do."

"So much the better. I should have had to have found a way to get rid of him. How did I come to get into these clothes?"

"I put them on you. Couldn't leave you in your wet ones to freeze to death."

"It is very strange. Very, very strange."

"Oh, forget that part of it! We are all right now. Didn't I tell you I could do it? Well, I've done it, that's all."

"I—should—say—you—had!"

The words came slowly.

It was evident enough that Israel Buzby was in a very muddled state of mind.

"Who owns this tug?" he asked, after a little.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Harry. "A friend of mine put it at my service, that's all."

"And the boat?"

"Belongs to the tug."

"What about the guard on the wall?"

"They paid no attention to us. Mudd fixed that."

"How did you manage to communicate with your friend?"

"Mudd again. 'Twas dead easy, old man."

"Was it? I suppose Mudd expects big money in return for all this?"

Harry laughed.

"Why, of course; I suppose that goes without saying," was his reply.

Buzby heaved a deep sigh.

Rising heavily, he opened the door of the cabin and looked out.

"We are right opposite Yonkers," he said. "That's where I used to live when I was a boy. Where do we land?"

"Wherever you say," replied Harry. "You are bossing this job."

"Make it Hoboken."

"I can fix that."

"Boy, you're a slick card," said the bank president, "but I'm going to tell you one thing right now."

"And what's that? Not that you are going back on me after what I have done for you. There are bills to be paid on this deal, and I haven't got a cent."

"It's not that. I just want to let you know that I am a slick card, too."

Harry laughed.

"Oh, I'm not afraid to trust you," he said. "Get calmed down now. This situation is new to you. If Mudd doped you he did it for the best, I have no doubt. He did not take me into his confidence, and I'm glad of it, for I wouldn't have stood for that. Here, have a smoke, and I'll go and tell them to land us at Hoboken. You had better not show yourself any more than is necessary. Don't you agree with me?"

"You're right," said Buzby, accepting the cigar.

Harry went forward, where Old King Brady, dressed as a deckhand, stood.

"He has come to and is very suspicious," he whispered.

"I expected that. He has good reason to be."

"He wants to land at Hoboken."

"All right. Look behind you—up the river, I mean."

"Well?"

"Do you see that tug?"

"I do. You don't mean to say that we are being followed?"

"Harry, we most certainly are. The captain has proved it. He has made three feints at landing, first on one side of the river and then on the other. In each case that tug has turned as we have turned—see?"

"Well! What do you make of that?"

"I make Mudd," said Old King Brady, dryly. "The keeper has got the start of us some way in spite of all the caution I gave Warden Brace."

Harry had been watching the cabin door during this conversation, but had seen nothing of Buzby.

When he entered the old man sat quietly smoking.

"How are you feeling now?" he asked, dropping into the hair.

"Hungry," was the abrupt reply.

"I suppose so. We might get a bite here, perhaps, but I'd sooner wait till we are ashore."

"I can wait. Have you got any money?"

"Enough to carry us for a few days."

"In the meantime we want to get inside somewhere."

"Mr. Buzby, I'll do anything you say. I've engineered



my part of this business. It's up to you to do the rest. There's only one thing I don't want."

"And what's that?"

"To take my chances of getting into Sing Sing again."

"Do I?"

"I should say not."

"I wish you had more money. If we could dress up like gentlemen our chances would be twice as good."

"Who says we can't?"

"Well?"

"You didn't ask me how much money I had."

"How much?"

Harry held up five fingers.

Buzby gave a gasp.

"Not hundreds?" he said.

"Yes; five hundred."

"You must have powerful friends."

"I told you that at the start."

"Then we are all right. We will go to the Duke's House and you shall get out and buy all we need."

The allusion was to the once famous hotel opposite the Hoboken ferry, which has since been burned.

"I'll do anything you say."

"Will you go to Europe with me next week?"

"Sure."

"Good! I think it will all turn out right, but I don't like the way it was done."

Thus they continued to talk until the tug ran in alongside one of the steamboat piers at Hoboken.

Harry and his man were on deck then, and they lost no time getting ashore.

Old King Brady was not in evidence.

There was no opportunity to find out anything further about the pursuing tug.

Harry looked for it, but there were so many tugs on the river that he could not tell which was which.

"Let us hope the Governor was mistaken," he said to himself.

As soon as they had gained the street Buzby began to show signs of fear.

"This gets on my nerves terribly, Arnold," he whispered. "You will have to be a bit patient with me. Remember the years I have been confined in that horrible place."

"Don't you fret," said Harry. "I'm going to look out for you clear through to the end, old man."

It was the horror which sometimes seizes the sensitive convict in returning to the world.

"This man would shake me if he dared," thought Young King Brady. "He may even try to do me up yet to save giving me my share of the plunder. I shall have to watch him every move he makes."

"What about buying a better outfit now, before we go to the Duke's House?" he said. "We can get most anything we want up on Bloomfield avenue. Of course, it won't be New York styles, but it will come pretty near."

"I shall not go to New York," replied Buzby, with a

shudder. "Nothing will induce me to set my foot inside the place."

They went then to the most noted men's furnishing store in Hoboken and soon presented a different appearance.

Doubtless their closely-shaved heads attracted attention, and Buzby certainly had the "prison pallor" on his face for all there was in it.

Still, many people are unobserving.

Harry watched the salesman closely, but he had hardly thought the man's suspicions were aroused.

"I ought to have a wig," said Buzby, after they found themselves on the street again. "It is well enough for you to be crop-headed, but for an old man like me it don't look right."

"Nothing to hinder," replied Harry.

"Let's strike for one, then. This derby hat is dropping about my ears."

The wig was readily procured, and this done they went to the Duke's House and engaged a suite of three rooms.

All this time Harry had seen nothing of Old King Brady.

In spite of this fact, however, he felt absolute confidence that the keen old detective had followed every step they had taken thus far.

"And now for breakfast," said Buzby. "It will have to be served here in the room."

"That will be better than going to the restaurant, I suppose."

"Oh, I can't do that. You can't think how nervous I am."

Buzby walked to the window and looked down upon the ferry square.

Then all in an instant he gave a sharp cry and, drawing back, let the lace curtains fall.

The next Young King Brady knew he had a fainting man in his arms.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.

Defaulter Buzby had tumbled into trouble at the very start, it would seem, and the source of his trouble was a woman.

Down on the Square in front of the Duke's House at that moment stood a woman, shabbily dressed, with a face which, although now faded, still retained some traces of its former beauty.

This woman was standing against a fence with a few newspapers in her hands which she was dumbly offering to those who hurried toward the ferry gates.

This was the woman upon whose face the convict's eyes had rested.

He had seen her and she had seen him.

Woman is generally supposed to do the fainting if there is any to be done, but it was not so in this case.



Buzby, as we know, fainted in Harry's arms.

The newspaper woman, on the contrary, stood for a moment with her eyes fixed upon the window, a look of triumph overspreading her face.

The wig and fine clothes had not deceived her.

She knew the man!

Tucking her papers under her arm, she started across the street for the Duke's House.

Before she had taken ten steps she appeared to think better of it, however, for she returned to her position against the fence and began offering her papers as before.

Her movements would scarce have been noticed by an ordinary person.

There was one whose eyes were right upon her, however.

This was an elderly man roughly dressed, who came walking slowly down the street on the same side of the way.

He looked more like a 'longshoreman than anything else.

From his dress and action the last thing one might have imagined him to be was a detective.

And yet he was no less a personage than Old King Brady himself.

He pushed on toward the woman and stopped to buy a paper.

He had seen the face at the window, and had particularly observed the woman's action.

It was up to Old King Brady to know what it all meant.

"A fine day, ma'am," he remarked, as he paid for the paper.

"It is," was the reply.

"Not that it makes much difference to me, or the likes of me."

The woman eyed him keenly.

"Why do you say that?" she asked.

"Why do I say it? Because I can get nothing to do, and when a man is out of work, sure all days seem alike to him, so they do."

"Do they?" said the woman. "Well, I don't know. Here, take back the cent if you are that badly off. You don't want to be wasting your money on papers."

"Thank you kindly, ma'am; an' really it is about the last cent I have, so it is. I was going to look over the advertisements and see if there was annything in my line, but I don't suppose it will amount to annything after all."

"What is your line?" asked the woman, with her eyes still fixed upon that upper window of the Duke's House.

"Sure, I've been driving a truck, ma'am, but if I could get a chance to take care of horses or the like of that, sure it would suit me just as well."

What strange influence had induced Old King Brady to enter into conversation with this woman?

This question the detective could scarcely have answered himself.

In another case he would have taken it out in watching, but just now he had felt impelled to speak.

That the woman had recognized Israel Buzby in spite of his change of costume was evident.

The why of it Old King Brady was determined to know. And he met his reward then and there.

Suddenly the woman turned on him and said:

"Look here, old man, I can give you something to do right now."

"You, ma'am?"

"Yes."

The detective laughed.

"Sure, you are joking," he said.

"Not joking at all. Listen! There is a man over in that hotel who has deeply wronged me. By and by he will come out, and I want to follow him wherever he goes. You go down by the ferry and engage one of the hacks which stand there. Tell the driver that I want it, and that he is to come to me when I raise my hand. Tell him that it may be in five minutes or it may be hours before he is called, but that I want him to be ready when the time comes."

"Sure, he'll never listen to me, ma'am."

"He won't, eh? And why not? Do you think I have no money? There you are mistaken. You look like an honest man; I think I can trust you. Take this five-dollar bill and give it to him. I must not leave here. Tell him I will pay him for his time even if I keep him hanging about here all day."

She fumbled in her bosom and, producing a five-dollar bill, handed it to Old King Brady.

"Go," she said. "I shall watch you. If you rob me I shan't say anything about it. If you do as I ask and come back to me I shall give you a dollar for your pains."

Old King Brady took the bill and started for the cabstand by the ferry gate.

"What have I struck?" he asked himself. "Some of Buzby's leavings? It must be so. Such men as he invariably leave a trail of trouble behind them. That woman has been bred a lady. It may not be hard luck alone which has reduced her to the condition in which I find her now."

He looked about narrowly as he hurried on.

All this was unexpected, of course.

Old King Brady, as well as Harry, had lost the pursuing tug.

Just now he was almost tempted to believe that he had been mistaken about its following the Rainbow, after all.

He had fully expected to have a deal with men shadowing the defaulter, and instead of that it had turned out to be the wreck of a woman.

It was very strange.

There was some little trouble in impressing the cabman with the seriousness of the call at first.

The five dollars did the business, however.

Old King Brady got the fellow to promise that he would attend to her and then returned to the newspaper woman.



She stood just as before, with her eyes fixed upon the window of the Duke's House.

"Did you fix it?" she asked.

"I did, ma'am."

"Thank you. Here is your dollar. I am very much obliged. That is all I shall want of you. Good-day."

She did not even look at him as she spoke.

Her eyes were fixed upon that upper window.

And now, as Old King Brady moved away, he saw Harry appear between the lace curtains.

Old King Brady raised his hand, making a secret sign to his partner.

The Bradys have a regular code of these signs which they use in connection with their business.

This one meant:

"I am on hand. Hurry matters up."

And from Harry came an answering sign, which meant:

"Look out. We are going to move very soon."

This was so.

Buzby had revived sufficiently to get on the bed after a minute.

To Harry's anxious inquiry as to what was the matter, he returned no definite answer.

"Trouble! Trouble!" he said. "Get me whisky. Help me to get out of this place as quick as you can."

Harry rang for the drink and at the same time ordered breakfast.

He had not been sharp enough to guess that the shabby woman selling newspapers on the opposite side of the street was the cause of the convict's agitation.

When glancing out of the window he saw Old King Brady disguised, he was inclined to give Buzby credit for greater shrewdness than he possessed and to imagine that the old detective might be the cause.

"What on earth is the matter with you?" he asked, turning to the bed. "What did you see out there that disturbed you so?"

"The ghost of my past," groaned the defaulter. "Don't ask me any more."

"We will get breakfast and leave here at once."

"The sooner the better. I would go now, but I am actually faint for the lack of food."

"We will eat anyhow. Where do we go when we leave here?"

"We are going to get the money I hid," replied Buzby, suddenly sitting up on the bed.

"Good enough. That's the talk! And then?"

"Then we will go to Europe just as quick as it can be arranged. We will not come back here in any case."

"You ought to tell me who it is we want to avoid, so that I may be on the lookout."

Buzby got up and began pacing the floor.

"If I felt able to take care of myself neither you nor anyone else would know my business," he said. "But I am old and weak. I must have someone to stand by me. Perhaps I had better tell you."

"You can suit yourself about that. What you say is a poor compliment to me."

"I don't want to make trouble between us. You are a good fellow, Arnold."

"Good or bad, I have taken you out of Sing Sing, old man."

"There, there! Don't let's quarrel. If you want to know who that person is, why, then, she is my wife, and she has sworn to kill me on sight, that's all. Pleasant prospect, of course. She'll do it, too, if she gets the chance, there need be no mistake on that score."

"But I see no woman out there except one who is selling papers across the street."

"She's the one."

"There ought to be no trouble in giving her the slip."

"Do you think so? Wait and see."

A knock on the door interrupted the conversation here. It proved to be the boy with the whisky.

Buzby drank it eagerly.

"Hurry up that breakfast," he said. "If it don't come soon we shall have to go without it. We are leaving here right away."

"How do we go and where do we go?" demanded Harry.

"You want to engage a cab," was the reply. "Tell the driver to come around on the other side where that woman can't see us leave. We are to be driven to Communipaw."

"We had better wait until we have had breakfast before I engage the cab, hadn't we?"

"Do it now. It will save time."

Thus urged, Young King Brady started downstairs.

The Duke's House stood on a triangular piece of ground directly opposite the ferry gate.

There were doors on both sides, and Old King Brady fell to wondering how the newspaper woman was going to be able to watch both sides of the house at once.

Walking around on the side toward the Lackawanna station, he stood there for a moment, and just then Harry popped out.

"You!" whispered Old King Brady, coming up. "Is it safe to speak?"

"Safe enough, Governor. Yes. That man is too far gone to play the spy. He was shaky enough before, but now the sight of some woman has turned him inside out."

"I know."

"It's a woman who is selling newspapers around on the other side."

"I was talking to her, Harry."

"She is his wife. She has sworn to kill him, so he says."

"So? I can believe it. I engaged a cab for her. She intends to follow him when he comes out."

"She mustn't, then. It will spoil all."

"You had better come out on this side. I can think of no other way; but where are you heading for? Have you found out yet?"

"Yes; Communipaw."



"So? That's definite?"

"Oh, yes."

"Do you think I would be justified in going there ahead. It would save a lot of trouble."

"I think you would. The man is too shaky to play a double game. I am down here now to engage a cab to take us there."

"I'll go ahead, but I'll look after the woman first."

They separated.

Old King Brady went around on the other side to see what the woman was about.

To his surprise she had vanished.

When he turned to look for the cab he had engaged for her he found that it also had disappeared.

"Confound the luck," muttered the old detective. "Here someone is cutting in ahead of me. Can that woman be a detective? That may be, too."

He returned to the Duke's House and, entering the washroom off the café, came out again a few minutes later in his usual dress.

Calling a cab on his own account then, he ordered the driver to lose no time in taking him across Jersey City to Communipaw.

Harry saw him go, having himself just engaged the last cab on the stand.

As the old detective departed he made a sign to the effect that the woman had gone.

This Harry hastened to communicate to Buzby.

But instead of allaying the defaulter's fears, as he had expected, it seemed only to increase them.

"Arnold," he exclaimed, "I'm afraid we shall have to give it up. I am in greater danger than you know. We shall have to postpone this trip till later."

"No, no!" cried Harry, in dismay. "I'll see to it that this woman don't hurt you. Let us push it through."

"Would you do that for my sake? For the sake of the money you are going to get out of this deal?"

"I would."

"Would—would you even——"

"Well?"

"Kill her if it came to a pinch?"

"Trust me."

"Then go out and buy a revolver as soon as breakfast is over. We may need it before we get through."

Just then the breakfast came and the conversation was not renewed.

## CHAPTER XII.

### CONCLUSION.

It is a long drive from Hoboken to Communipaw.

Old King Brady could have made better time by crossing the ferry and going out on the Central Railroad of New Jersey if he could have been sure of hitting a train.

Under the circumstances this was not to be thought of,

however; so the old detective settled himself back for his long ride.

As they proceeded his eyes were on both sides of the cab at once, hoping to catch sight of the cab he had engaged for the newspaper woman.

He saw it at last, just as they were passing under the railroad bridge at Communipaw.

It was coming toward them rapidly—Old King Brady was peering ahead at the time.

Of course, the detective could not be certain that it was the cab in question until he could see the number.

Nevertheless, they had now reached Communipaw, and as there is not much to the place, he did not hesitate to stop his own cab and dismiss it.

The driver had scarcely turned when the cab the detective had seen in the distance came along.

It was the same vehicle which he had engaged for the woman.

Assured of that, Old King Brady called to the driver to stop; and, stepping up to him, displayed his detective's shield.

"You carried a woman from the Hoboken ferry over here," he said. "She is a woman who sells papers."

"Well, I did, boss, that's so," was the reply.

"Do you know her?"

"Well, I've seen her selling papers there by the ferry for the last year. I can't say I know her at all—no."

"What did you do with her?"

"Well, boss, I left her down to the foot of the street."

"Did you see her go in anywhere?"

"No, I did not."

"Think, now. A very important matter hangs on this. It may end up by getting you into court. You had best tell the truth."

"That's what I'm doing, boss, so help me! I can say no more."

"Were you talking with the woman?"

"Well, I had a word with her, so."

"Did she tell you why she came over here?"

"She did not."

"Enough. I've got your number. You might as well give me your name."

The cabby complied without hesitation, and then Old King Brady allowed him to drive away.

The old detective now pushed on to the foot of the street, which brought him to the water front.

But there was no sign of the woman.

To the right lay the old town of Communipaw—older than New York, the inhabitants like to call it, just as they do at Perth Amboy and Elizabeth.

It is very doubtful if this is the truth.

To the left, extending out into the bay, was a sort of basin, formed by a breakwater at the time of which we write.

Here lay a number of abandoned canal boats, with a few small steamers among them.

Which way had the woman gone?



This it seemed impossible to determine without inquiry.

Old King Brady was just looking about to find someone to ask when his eye rested upon a tug outside the breakwater, and moored up against it.

Over the pilot-house was a miniature figure representing a man holding a quadrant.

The name of the tug was the Captain.

The name was strange to the old detective, but the figure on the pilot house he had seen before.

It was the same tug which had attracted his attention while coming down from Sing Sing.

"Here!" muttered the old detective. "It can't be accident! This case is closing in."

He waited and watched for a moment.

The tug had evidently been there for some little time.

There was a man aboard, polishing up the brass work.

Old King Brady could have reached him by walking out upon the breakwater.

For the moment he thought of doing this, but at the same instant he caught sight of the woman.

She was crossing the deck of a canal boat which lay alongside of a small excursion steamer whose paddle-box bore the name:

"Mary Buzby!"

He watched the woman as she climbed aboard the steamer, and passed out of sight.

There were others on shore as well as aboard the canal boats who must have seen her.

But at that time there were many people who made the abandoned canal boats in the Communipaw basin their home.

If the woman had been well dressed, there was no telling what might have happened.

Dressed as she was, however, she attracted no attention at all.

"This case is closing in," thought Old King Brady. "Can it be that Buzby was fool enough to hide his stolen money on board an abandoned steamboat? It seems incredible, but there is no telling what such men will do."

He waited for a moment, and then going down on the breakwater, he started across the canal boats.

He had crossed the third, meeting nobody, and was just stepping on the fourth when from the direction of the steamer a shot rang out.

Instantly another followed, then all was still.

"Come, this means murder," thought Old King Brady, and he started across the fourth canal boat on the run.

\* \* \* \* \*

Within five minutes from the time when Old King Brady stepped on board the Mary Buzby another cab came whirling down to the foot of the street.

Out of it stepped Harry and Israel Buzby.

The vehicle was at once dismissed.

"Now, Arnold," said the convict, "the time has come for me to talk business. I have been indefinite up to now because I could not tell what might happen, and I am

giving nothing away. The money I have hinted of lies concealed on board that old steamer out there. You see it. She bears my wife's name—the name of the woman who will kill me if she can. That is our destination."

"But," said Harry, "can you be sure the money is still where you put it? You have been nearly ten years in prison. Is it possible that steamer has been lying here all this time?"

"It has been here two years. No, I can't be certain, of course, but the chances are all in our favor."

"However came you to hide it in such a place?"

"Don't ask me my business," snapped Buzby. "I'm not confessing to you. Come on, and lend me your help before that she-fiend has time to track me here. I fear her, and I fear others. What we want to do is to settle this question, and get away just as soon as possible. If we win out, Arnold, you get half, and let me tell you there is near a million dollars in gold and greenbacks at stake."

"We shall have to walk out on the breakwater," said Harry. "Is your head steady enough for that?"

"I must do it."

"Come on, then. I'll go first, and you can hang on to my coat tail; it will serve to steady you a bit."

They had soon covered the distance on the breakwater, and then started across the canal boats.

"How did you know the steamer was here?" Harry ventured to ask.

"Will you quit your infernal questioning?" snarled Buzby. "You want to change your tactics unless you care to quarrel with me. That won't pay you at all."

"He's a nice specimen," thought Harry. "I must look out for this fellow. He never means to give me a cent. Chances are he'll turn on me if the money is really found."

He climbed upon the deck of the Buzby then, and extended his hand for his companion.

The convict glanced about with lowering brows.

"How I would like to put a match to the old tub," he muttered. "How I would love to see her burn!"

There was a fierceness about the man's speech almost appalling.

His eyes seemed to snap and glow with evil light.

"Let this kind get a sniff of money and they are like wolves after a carcass," thought Harry. "I must be very careful of this man."

"Look about you, Arnold; see if anyone is watching us," said Buzby.

"I see no one."

"Then stand as you are. I'll be back in a minute."

"What's the matter with me going with you? I shan't hurt you. If I am seen we are liable to have a gang of toughs come swooping down upon us, or some watchman wanting to know why we are here."

"Well, that's so, too. Perhaps, after all, you had better come."

He passed into the cabin as he spoke.

Harry, pressing close behind him, heard the convict give a startled cry.



"Back!" he gasped. "Back! What on earth is all this? Avenged! Avenged! Avenged!"

He threw up his hands, and once more sank back, half-fainting, into Young King Brady's arms.

No need to ask the reason for his excitement.

There it lay in plain sight upon the floor.

Two dead bodies, a man and a woman.

The former lay face downward just inside the cabin door, while the latter had fallen all in a heap some ten feet away.

The man was a stranger to Harry, but the woman was the one they had seen at the ferry—the woman Israel Buzby had called his wife.

In her hand was clutched a revolver, and even in death her face wore an expression of fiendish hate.

Between the forms lay a second revolver, within reach of the man's hand.

Buzby braced up on the instant.

Stooping, he recovered the revolver, and before Harry could say a word he had also wrenched the second weapon from the stiffening hand of the dead woman.

"Good! Good!" he cried. "Thus depart my two worst enemies! Arnold, congratulate me. See! Each came here to rob me of my own; they hated each other; they have killed each other. My path lies clear now!"

"And that is your wife?" questioned Harry.

"My wife and her first husband, from whom she was divorced before I married her. The meeting must have been accidental. Of course, we can understand how that woman came to be here. She had reason to suspect that the money was hidden aboard this steamer; so had the man. He must have known of my escape. Both must have come here, each unknown to the other, believing that I would follow and attempt to recover my treasure. Their fate would have been mine if they had not met each other as they did."

"And the man—who is he?" asked Harry, endeavoring to appear calm.

"Don't ask me. I shall never tell you. Now, watch, Arnold. At last! At last my time has come!"

Harry had not failed to notice the condition of the cabin.

The whole place had been literally pulled to pieces.

It was evident enough that more than one search for the hidden money had been made.

Buzby walked over to the further end of the cabin, and stooping, pressed some hidden spring.

There was a click, but nothing more.

"Old and rusty like myself," muttered the defaulter.

Up went his foot, and in flew a section of the paneling.

"Right! Right! Right! It is all here, safe as I put it!" shouted Buzby. "Come forward, Arnold, and get your share!"

Harry did not suspect.

As he made a move forward Buzby suddenly whipped out one of the revolvers.

"Take your share!" he shouted.

He fired, but the ball buried itself in the ceiling, for at the same instant Old King Brady, darting from the concealment of an adjoining stateroom, with one crushing blow felled the wretch to the floor.

"Quick, Harry! Cover him while I snap the handcuffs on!" cried the old detective.

"Back to Sing Sing with the treacherous dog! Ha! You would, would you! Now, my man, I have you foul!"

Handcuffed and helpless, Buzby lay writhing on the floor, while the Bradys drew the stolen bank money from the place of its long concealment.

It was mostly greenbacks contained in an old grip.

Besides there was a smaller grip filled with gold.

And thus ended the Bradys' case.

Buzby was landed in the Jersey City jail within an hour, and the recovered bank cash was taken to New York by Old King Brady and placed in the hands of the police.

The Jersey City authorities took charge of the two corpses on the steamer, and it was no surprise to Old King Brady to learn that the man was Mr. Wetherill, once cashier of the Iron & Steel Bank.

In his pocket was found a letter from Mudd, written only the day before, and telling of the proposed escape.

The story of the dead woman never fully developed, for Buzby would tell nothing.

The miserable wretch was utterly broken.

He found himself back in Sing Sing within twenty-four hours. Within sixty days he was dead.

Mathew Mudd was arrested in the prison for plotting to free convicts, and Wetherill's brother in Ossining was also taken into custody.

Both were speedily convicted, and took their places in prison.

Old King Brady held abundant evidence against them, thanks to Charley French.

There was almost a million in the Bradys' find on the Buzby, and the creditors of the defunct Iron & Steel Bank at last came into their own.

At a meeting held a week after these events these gentlemen voted the Bradys a reward of \$10,000.

\$2,000 of this sum Old King Brady turned over to Charley French, who soon quadrupled it in a fortunate speculation.

The young ex-convict is a wealthy man to-day, and he at least is not likely to regret that the Bradys were sent to Sing Sing.

THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS AND THE GRAIN CROOKS; OR, AFTER THE 'KING OF CORN,'" which will be the next number (366) of "Secret Service."

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